

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



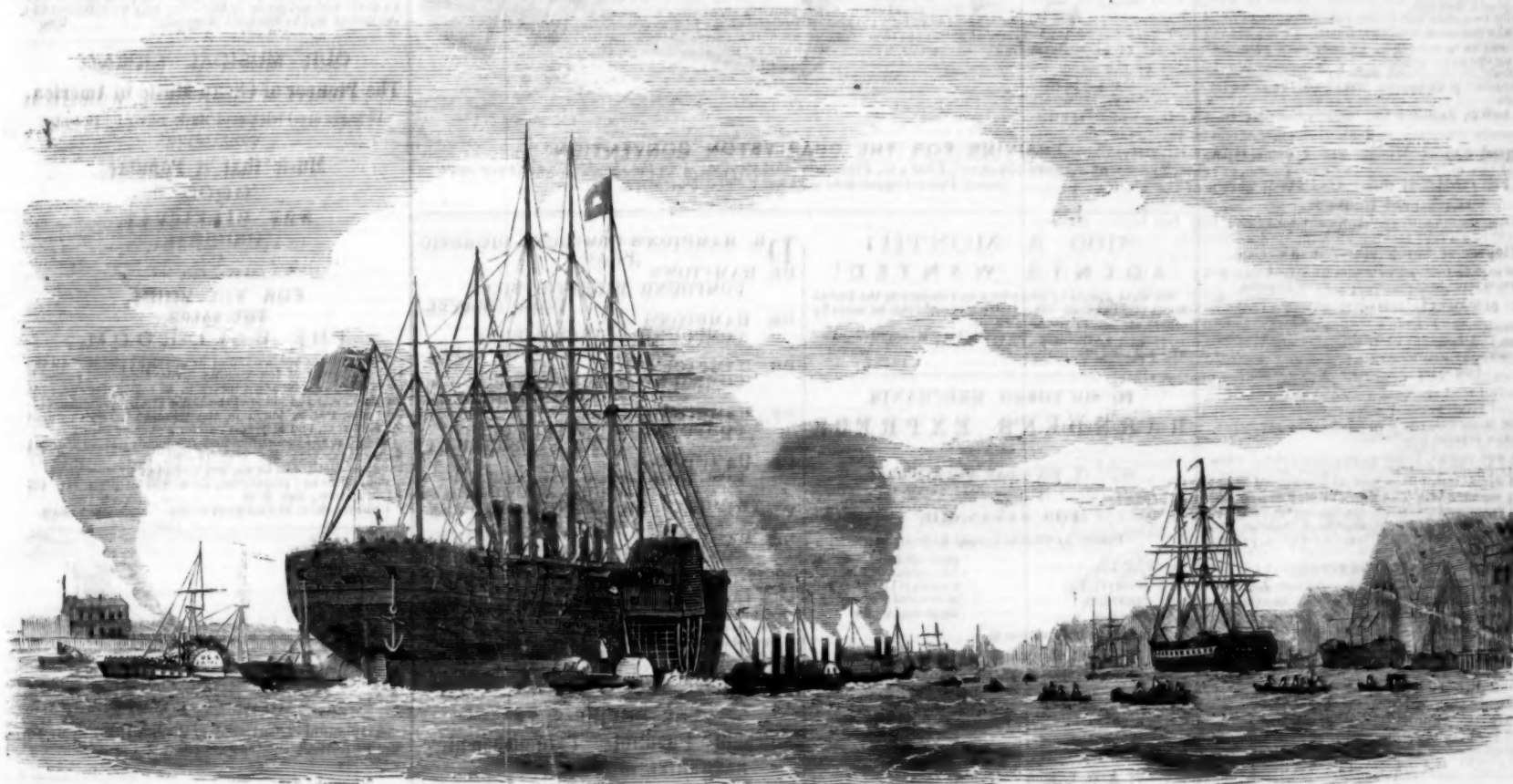
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 201.—VOL. VIII.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]



THE GREAT EASTERN OFF WOOLWICH DOCKYARD.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

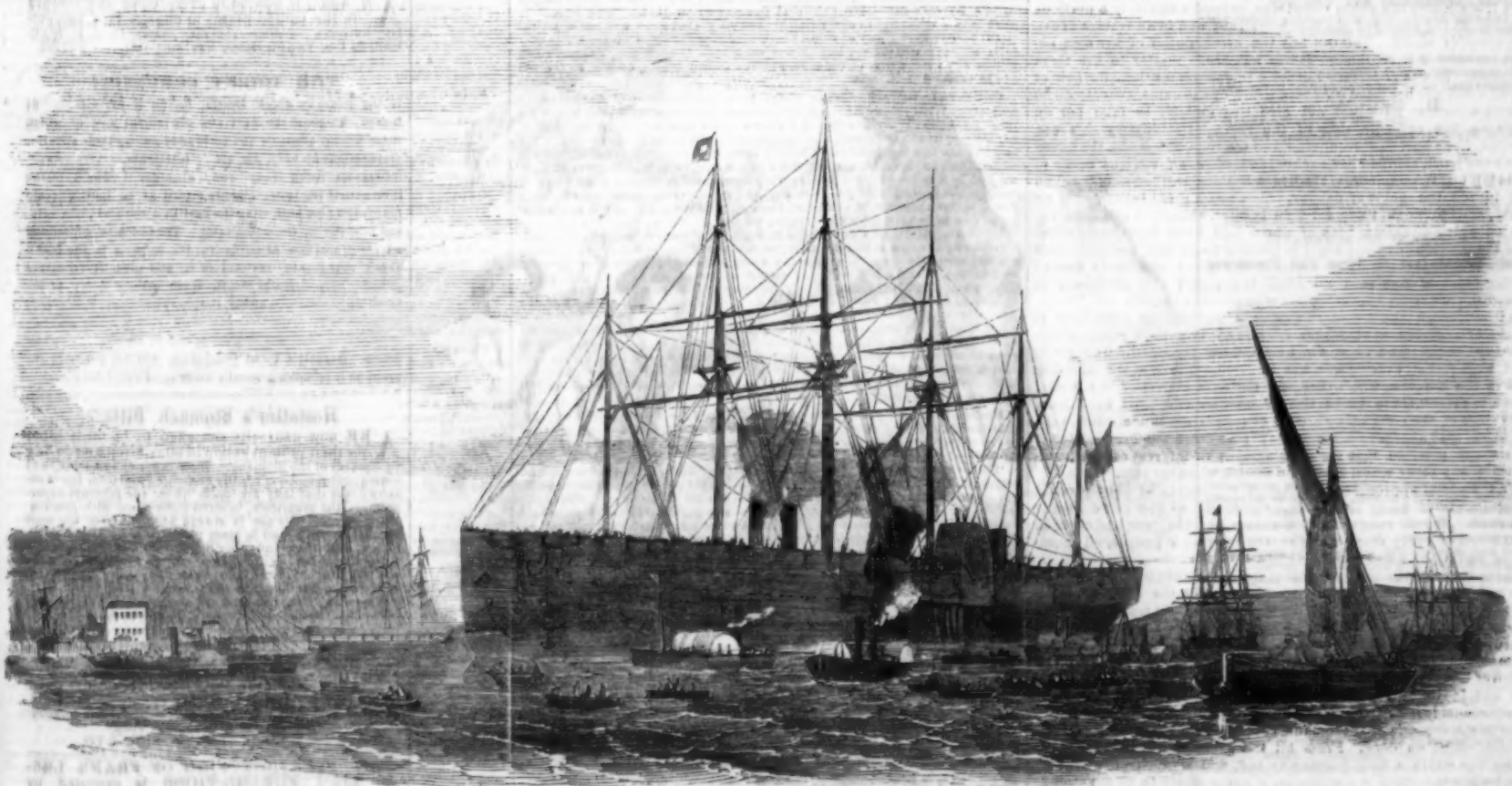
The interest in the Great Eastern seems daily to increase; like the

rolling snowball it grows larger with every foot of distance which she travels.

On the occasion of her voyage from the Thames to Portland, every

spot which afforded a view of her was crowded with anxious spectators, proving how universal is the wish for her success.

The 8th of September was named as the eventful day, and accord



THE GREAT EASTERN ANCHORED AT FOULFLEET.

ingly in the gray of the morning the preparations for sailing were commenced.

Several powerful tugs were in attendance, the four principal ones being named, curiously enough, the Victoria, Napoleon, Alliance and True Briton. Moving the Great Eastern, however, was not an affair of casting out a tow rope and going ahead. There was of course the usual routine amount of shouting, and inexplicable orders and counter orders, and fussing about the tugs before all was in readiness.

At 7.30 A. M., Captain Harrison and the pilot took their places on the starboard paddle-box. Mr. Scott Russell remained on the bridge to direct the action of the engines, both of which—screw and paddle—were under steam. Capt. in Comstock stood aft to transmit directions to the men at the wheel, as Mr. Langley's new steering apparatus was not completely fitted. Mr. Perouse, the chief officer, took charge of the fore part of the ship; and to all other officers were allotted stations, either to transmit directions or signals to the tugs.

Then was the order given to go ahead slowly, and for the first time the Great Eastern started into motion, and with the slow majestic beat of her huge paddles moved grandly down the river. The general public had evidently put but little faith in the announcement that she would leave the river yesterday, so that until the preparations were made for actually leaving there was little stir upon the river. Gradually, however, as the steamtugs began to move about, and get their tow ropes in, it seemed suddenly to break upon the amphibious population at both sides of the stream that they were at last about to lose a vessel whose presence has made Deptford and the Isle of Dogs famous throughout the world.

The screw engines started first, working beautifully, without noise or even apparent vibration; and when the paddle machinery came into play, a few revolutions sufficed to get her head round to the point required.

As the Great Eastern was slowly backing in order to get round the sharp turn at Greenwich, there ensued an extraordinary scene. Thousands upon thousands of people were seen rushing to the river side from all points. Boats of every kind and size were launched crowded to the water's edge, and the stream and its banks seemed suddenly instinct with life. There were not so much cheers as continuous shouting—a genuine outburst of enthusiasm and delight. Even the worn and sickly inmates of the Seaman's Hospital ship turned out upon the deck or crowded the ports with their worn faces, to give one shout or wave a cap to the vessel which swept so grandly by. The very first turn at Greenwich showed Captain Harrison and all the officers of the vessel that the great ship was as thoroughly under command as a river steamer, and that the only difficulty to be overcome, or rather to contend against, was her length in turning the sharp curves of the river at Greenwich, Blackwall and Woolwich.

The vessel's draught was twenty-one feet ten inches aft and twenty-two feet three inches forward—about the very worst trim in which she could have left her moorings, being down by the head five inches instead of some five feet down by the stern. Twenty-three or twenty-four feet may appear no great depth of water, but when it is recollected that this was the minimum required at the turnings, and over a length of eight hundred feet, which is more than the breadth of the Thames at Westminster, it will be seen at once that these angles were at first regarded with a certain amount of anxiety and distrust. A few moves of the vessel, however, showed that she was perfectly in hand. She steered as easily as a wicker-boat, and her engines were found capable of starting her into motion or arresting her progress literally almost by a single movement of the hand.

At Greenwich, on both sides of the river, an immense multitude had collected, but it was at Blackwall that the first really great ovation was made. The news of her departure had spread far and fast, and from the deck of the great ship the shores could be seen at Blackwall Point literally darkened by people. Every house was crowded, and the roofs covered with spectators; the mast-house was occupied, the pier swarmed, the tops and yards of the vessels in the docks seemed alive. As the great ship approached, the enthusiasm seemed to pass the bounds which ordinarily mark such displays with Englishmen. The dense mass cheered, shouted, waved hats, shawls, handkerchiefs, with an abandon of gratification that was heart-stirring. It was really almost a national reception, and all seemed to have, as Englishmen, a share in the finest, swiftest, strongest and handsomest ship which the world has yet seen.

Blackwall Point was, indeed, the turning point in the fortunes of the Great Eastern. The river at this place forms an acute angle, round which the tide sweeps with strong but most unequal force. The admirable manner in which Captain Harrison and the pilot, Mr. Atkinson, managed the ship, the power and regularity with which the engines worked, would, if left unobstructed, have soon got the vessel round this place. But, of course, right in the centre of the river, a bark (the Kingsfisher) was moored, while a little beyond her lay a schooner in such a manner as effectually to block the "fairway" down the stream. The tugs were signalled to get the Great Eastern's head round, and tried to do so, but the strain was too much; at the most critical moment two of the hawsers parted, and for a few minutes the noble vessel was, beyond a doubt, in a perilous position, as the sweep of the tide was strong and in an instant drove her towards shore. Nothing but the great power of her own engines saved her here, though it was a delicate matter to use them properly. It was necessary instantly to counteract the influence of the tide and get her head off shore; but, at the same time, to do so in such a manner as would not give way enough to take her on shore on the opposite side of the river. Fortunately this was effected, fresh hawsers were passed to the tugs, the bark, the cause of all the peril, shipped her anchor, and, after an anxious delay of some ten or fifteen minutes, the Great Eastern worked slowly round and turned the point of danger. This was a great relief to all on board, and to none more so than Messrs. Campbell and Jackson, the managing directors, both of whom had been incessantly occupied the previous day and night in looking to all the arrangements for the first departure. The moment the point was safely passed carrier pigeons were sent up from the vessel and the shore to spread the welcome news.

At Woolwich there was of course a tremendous concourse of spectators. Every spot which could, and doubtless many which could not command a view of the ship, were thronged. The dockyard, the arsenal, every place was covered. The Flagstaff had her men in the shrouds, who welcomed the safe arrival of the vessel with a regular "three times three," which was echoed back from both sides of the river by an almost countless multitude. It is very probable that another such ship may pass down the Thames, but it seems not possible that the same amount of interest can be manifested in any other vessel again, no matter what her size.

As the vessel approached Gravesend multitudes of people could be distinguished along the shore. Gradually, as she came nearer and nearer, the air rung with their cheers, and the river was covered with boats of every shape and size, crowded with people, all shouting or waving hats and handkerchiefs.

There was something almost affecting in the spontaneous enthusiasm and delight with which all seemed to hail the release of the noble ship from her long thralldom in the river. No matter whether it was a Hamburg or Rotterdam steamer with half foreigners on board, or a fishing smack with a couple of men in the bows, none seemed too high or too low to do her honor, and her voyage down the river was one continued scene of vociferous welcome. Off Gravesend, and in front of the thronging piers and terraces, were several large troopships with detachments on board for India. The crews were in the shrouds of these; the soldiers, grouped in picturesque masses, stood on deck. From all the great ship got a welcome which was worth a long journey to see, and which triumphant as may be her reception in the States, is never likely to be surpassed, nor often equalled. With the parting cheers still floating across the

water, Gravesend was left behind, and the two tugs ahead began to go at greater speed as the Lower Hope was passed. Soon the water began to change its tint from dirty black to muddy green, the cool air came fresher across the reaches, and those on board rejoiced at last at the long-wished-for approach of sea water.

Throughout the whole course down the river the paddle engines had never been moved at a greater speed than from four to six revolutions per minute; and the screw at from twelve to eighteen. In fact, neither engine was moved till it became actually necessary to assist the tugs. Yesterday, however, when our valuable little aids, which had realised the fable of the mouse and the lion, and freed the Great Eastern from all her river toils, were cast adrift at Chapman's Head, more speed was put upon the vessel, and in ten minutes she set at rest for ever all doubt as to her being the fastest vessel beyond comparison in the world. It has already been stated that the proper sea-going trim of the Great Eastern is a little over four feet down by the stern. Instead of this she is at present six inches down by the head, while her whole draught of water is too light to allow the proper immersion to her paddle floats, and no less than four feet of her screw blades are out of water.

Continued on page 294.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

A Missing Branch.—This insane gentleman, whose craving for a lodging in Blackwell's Island seems like that of a moth for the candle, has again put his foot into a libel. He has lately published a daily paper, about the size of a mutton chop, which he has called *Branch's Daily Hand*. Every number was full of half crazy abuse of somebody, which a few silly people bought to see how far abuse could go. An atrocious attack upon Mrs. Maglioli was too much for her friends, and a warrant for his arrest has been granted. This has broken up the paper. Branch had better give up journalism, or go to Paris and start one. He might find out something about Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, which would command a rate and a safe asylum there.

An Impudent Rascal.—McAlpine, on being in the usual manner asked what he had to say why the judgment of the Court should not be pronounced against him, replied that he had a great deal to say, and proceeded to address the Court in the most bombastic and impudent manner:

"Yes, I have a great deal to say. In the first place, I can safely and conscientiously say that I am innocent, perfectly so, of any evil intent in the crime of which I have been charged, the verdict of the jury to the contrary notwithstanding. I have been convicted upon the uncorroborated testimony of that girl. Her whole testimony went against me, while the contradictory evidence was not taken into account. I know nothing whatever of her trunk; she lent me the ring which I am convicted of stealing, her oath to the contrary notwithstanding. I have had a strong prejudice to contend with, and to that I attribute my conviction. I can place my hand upon my heart and appeal to my conscience and my God, and swear that I am innocent; and when a man's heart, nor his conscience, nor his God convicts him, he must be innocent. I appeal to Heaven that I am as innocent as your Honor. When I stand before the Omnipotent Judge, who knows the secrets of all hearts, I shall be proved to be not guilty. My actions are pure; I have ever counted the everest scrutiny, whatever scurrilous editors or editors' menials—whether they be reporters or anything else—may have to say.

"Looking around upon the spectators, I can say in the words of Paul to Agrippa, 'Would to God that every man here were as I am, exempt from conscience.' The island, for which the people have to pay, is shown to be as pure as the angels. If your Honor will deal mercifully with me it will be a consolation to you in the hour of dissolution, when the 'clouds of the valley' are about to fall over your lifeless corpse, that you have extended leniency to one who is fully deserving of it."

Notwithstanding further efforts on the part of McAlpine's counsel to have his sentence postponed, the Judge gave him the utmost term in the State Prison that the law would allow, namely, five years.

Our readers will, no doubt, recollect that this is the man who, under a variety of aliases, has been the pretended agent of the British Government, &c., &c. The offence for which he was tried was for swindling a poor governess out of her money, watch, ring and wearing apparel.

A Tarring and Feathering Case.—At Lynchburg there has been a case tried for tarring and feathering a colored person. The defendants are some of the most prominent persons in Hudson. The outrage was inflicted upon the negro on account of an alleged illicit intimacy with a white young woman, the daughter of one of the defendants; but as no proof of such fact was adduced upon the trial it is most probably a mere excuse. Judge Potter, in summing up, said that the evidence in the case must be brought to bear on each defendant separately. His Honor reviewed the facts in the case, and reminded that the only issue for them to try was, whether any of the defendants participated in the riot, and if so, which of them. The case was at once novel and peculiar. It was the duty of the jury to disregard any insinuation or suspicion that the plaintiff had ravished a white girl. No such issue had been framed on the trial, and no legal proof had been adduced of any such fact. The jury were, therefore, not to take any such outside statements as true, because a mob in Hudson had taken it to be true. One of the counsel had quoted the motto, *Vix populi cor Dei*, as an influence in the case. However true such a maxim might be in point of poetical faith, it was untrue as a legal maxim. This State was not roused by the voice of the mob, or by mob law, but by the law of the land. It signified nothing whether the plaintiff was born, or the color of the skin. In these sacred halls of justice all were equal, and the humblest citizen had rights which were to be protected by the courts. The general rule of law which the Court was laid bare to every eye and ear, and which the counsel, solicitor, or attorney, or pro-secutor of any of the mob, though not present, was liable to the plaintiff. All persons who were present at the riot without assisting, but nevertheless remained and signified his approbation or pleasure at the manifestation of the mob, were guilty, for nothing could excite a mob more than the presence and countenance of respectable citizens. It was the duty of every citizen when drawn to the scene of a riot to endeavor by persuasion, remonstrance and every influence in his power, to suppress the doings of a mob; if he does not do so he is liable. The trial resulted in the disagreement of the jury.

Negroes may Train.—The House of Representatives of Massachusetts, by a vote of one hundred and forty-two to thirty-one, have expanded the word "white" from the militia laws. This gives colored men a chance to train when they have a mind to, and allows them to organize military companies as well as their white brothers. The question has yet to come before the Senate which will not be likely to concur. This matter was debated at great length in the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention in 1855. There seemed to have been a concurrence of opinion in that body that there was no constitutional barrier in the way of colored men becoming members of the Massachusetts militia companies; but it was contended that if the Massachusetts militia was itself a part of the militia of the United States, colored men could not be enrolled in it.

California.—Mr. Eli Corwin states that the big trees of Calif. are only about 1,700 years old. The largest tree in the grove where this "big tree" grew was twenty-five feet in diameter at the stump where it was cut off, six feet from the ground, and thirty-three in diameter at the ground. The taper of the tree was most rapid for the first six or eight feet; and Mr. Corwin argues that, as in taking a section of the tree at a point where it was cut off, we find in a width of three inches eighty layers, and supposing each layer to indicate the growth of a year, we shall have for every three inches eighty years, or five thousand two hundred and eighty as the grand result, but which he alleges to be wrong, for two reasons, viz:

First. The same layers distributed between sixteen and a half feet, the semi-diameter of the tree at its base, must be much thicker than the same layers six feet above the ground, where the same number of layers is compressed within twelve and a half feet, the semi-diameter of the tree at that point. Twelve and a half feet giving us only four thousand layers or years. Second. The eighty layers we have in hand are from near the outside of the tree, where the layers being spread over a much larger surface are very thin, while towards the heart of the tree they increase in thickness. Still another allowance should be made. Of the twelve and a half feet, which is the largest semi-diameter of which one section could have been a part, from six to nine inches must be cast out of the reckoning as bark. If, from the outer extremity of the radius measured, we cast off six inches, we deduct at least one hundred and sixty years.

Police Brutality.—We copy from the *Herald* the following account of a policeman's brutality at the balloon exhibition on the 25th. General Pillsbury ought to inquire into the facts. The reporters of the *Herald* and *Sun* will give testimony:

"Between the two ascensions there was an unpleasant interlude. A man somewhat under the influence of liquor was ordered gruffly by a policeman to get outside of the ring. He replied that he wanted to go up, as he was the editor of an Irish-American paper. He said this jocularly, but the policeman evidently did not appreciate the joke, for he raised at the unfortunate would-be editor's throat, knocked him down, and then set to to roll him over as soldiers roll up their mattresses. In short, there was a great deal of unbecoming brutality exhibited, and when an elderly man denounced it in no measured terms, he was himself seized upon and manacled off to the station-house; while other police officers drew their batons and rushed in upon the respectable persons who had gathered around the old man, and drove them right and left as if they were a party of rowdies. Such conduct is not calculated to insure to our police officers the countenance and support of the good citizens of New York."

A New Style of Accident.—It would seem that even our city railroads are not safe now. On Tuesday, the 25th ult., an accident occurred on the Grand Avenue Railroad, at Oliver street, by which a young man named David Hasleton was almost instantly killed, and half a dozen other young men more or less injured. It appears that two of the cars, containing the members of the Wallabout Light Guard, who had been on a target excursion to Jones's Wood, were on their way to the Peck slip ferry, when a collision occurred between them in the following manner: Owing to the mismanagement of the switch at the corner of Oliver and Canham streets, the first car ran some distance down the latter street before the driver could check his horses and "break up." The horses were shifted, and, with the assistance of several of the members of the company, the car was taken back and the switch righted.

The second car soon came along, and the members of the company thereon, fearing they would not be able to cross the ferry with their companions, urged the driver and conductor to hurry on, but the latter refused the request, stating that he had his own time to be governed by. This car was now at the top of the Oliver street hill, when the brake becoming disarranged, all control of it was lost, and the driver attempted to disengage his horses. The car continued its descent at a frightful speed, and was seen by those on the forward car, many of whom, anticipating serious results from the inevitable collision, leaped off the top and jumped from the platform into the street. When the collision occurred Hasleton was thrown forward across the track, and the wheels passing over his body, killed him almost instantly. With such violence did the cars come in contact that half a dozen or more of the passengers were thrown to the ground and badly bruised. The injured persons were conveyed to a neighboring drug store, and after receiving proper attention were sent home. The body of young Hasleton was removed to the Fourth precinct station-house to await the action of the coroner. One of the horses attached to the forward car was also run over and killed.

The Recent Combat in Massachusetts.—There is, it seems, another version of the story of the fight between Dr. Ayre, of Lowell, and Mr. Fay, the Treasurer of the Middlesex Manufacturing Company, which has not, as yet, so far as we have observed, been told by the Boston papers. Dr. Ayre was a large stockholder in the Middlesex and Bay State Mills, whose capitals were "conveyed," as the wise call it, by Mr. Lawrence, and since the reorganization of the Middlesex Company, in which Dr. Ayre is the largest individual stockholder, he has thought best, warned by past experience, to keep a very sharp look-out upon its management. Whether reasonably or not, he has been dissatisfied on this point, and this has led to a good deal of hard feeling between Dr. Ayre on one part, and the President, Mr. Fay, and the Treasurer, Mr. Fay, the President's son, and their personal friends on the Board of Directors on the other. Dr. Ayre had even brought serious charges against the Treasurer at a late stockholder's meeting. On the day of assault, for which Ayre had to bail to answer, he called to look, for some purpose, at the stock list, a right secured by special statute of the State to each stockholder in a joint stock company. Mr. Fay, when the doctor entered, refused to shake hands with him, and when the broker wanted a key for a throw down an old one. The doctor explained that it was, of course, the new one which he wished to see. The treasurer left the room to procure it, when the doctor took from his pocket a double-bladed knife, and, opening the small blade, commenced making that part of his toilet which Americans usually leave to be performed in public, namely, the cleaning of his nails. Presently, the book was brought, a cumbersome volume, which the doctor, sitting down, took upon his knees to examine, still carefully holding his open knife. While in this position a brief altercation ensued, when Mr. Fay, who, the doctor affirmed, stood behind him and out of sight, struck him on the head. As he turned towards his assailant, and was rising from the chair and riding himself of his heavy burden, he was seized by the hair, and repeated blows were showered upon him, while his head was held so low that he could not see above the waistband of his antagonist. In this position he used the knife, still accidentally open in his right hand, as a weapon of defence. When Mr. Fay let him up, he said that he had owed him that for a good while, but he did not observe till a little later that he was wounded. The first examination of the wound was made by Dr. Ayre himself, who satisfied himself, by careful inspection, that it was of a trifling character, as, he believed, it has proved. It was in the lower part of the abdomen, where it might accidentally have been given by a man in the position in which Mr. Fay held the doctor while beating him, and not in a part of the body which an enlightened medical man would choose if he intended to inflict any serious injury. Such, we learn from good authority, is the other side of the story, which, from the respectable side of the parties engaged in it, and from the large interests involved in a difference having to undergo a termination, has given rise to a good deal of excitement and feeling in Massachusetts.

The Old Force.—The Board of Ten Governors met on Tuesday for the first time in several weeks. As the political season is approaching, another attack was made on the notorious habit of wholesale drinking and jangling criticism, for which the people have to pay. After a sharp debate, a resolution was adopted that from this date the Board should not pass any liquor used in the institutions. After the election, doubtless the liquor ration will be restored, as has been done several times before. The Board have under consideration another offer for the employment of the Workhouse women at fifteen cents per day. There are 7,395 persons now in the various prisons, asylums and hospitals.

We trust the public press will protest against the infamous system of swamping female labor by farming prison work at such preposterous prices as fifteen cents a day. What do the Ten Governors get for this job?

Another Accident.—On the 24th September an accident occurred on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad of rather a serious nature. A number of pebble stones had washed upon the track a short distance above Wellsville, the train from Pittsburgh, due here in the evening, ran upon the obstruction, and the engine, baggage car, express car and one passenger car were thrown from the track and badly demolished.

We learn from a passenger that the engineer, whose name he did not ascertain, was nowhere to be found. His hat and watch were picked up near the wreck of the engine, but singular as it may appear, though searched for in every conceivable place, could not be found. Some of the passengers were thrown a considerable distance and looked in a thicket, and the wreck was thoroughly searched in vain. The fireman inside the engine, upon seeing the obstruction, jumped from the engine, but the general opinion is that he stuck to his post and was buried in the immense sand bank into which the locomotive was driven.

The baggage-master and another person were somewhat cut and bruised, but not seriously. The train bound to Pittsburgh, upon reaching the scene of the accident, from this city, took on the passengers and returned, to await the removal of the wreck.

A Broad Church Fanatic.—During the past month, while the workmen were making repairs and alterations to the Rev. Dr. Bellows's church, a large and well-dressed man, apparently about forty-five years of age, entered the building. He walked up the aisle towards the pulpit, but no particular notice was taken of him at the time, as it was supposed that he had merely come to look at the improvements to the church. About ten minutes after he had entered the workmen observed the stranger in front of the pulpit. Here he stood, making all sorts of motions with his arms. He would first raise one and then slap it down on his hip, repeating the motion several times; then he would go through the same movements with the other hand, and finally flap both hands against his hips. The attention of the sexton was then called to the singular conduct of the man, but lest he might be a maniac, and do injury to some of the church property, he was allowed to proceed a short time longer. At length two of the workmen went round towards the man, pretending to be in search of something in the pews. When they came to him, they looked at him. The man suddenly stopped his actions, and directly eyeing the workmen, said, "Do you know me? I am God Almighty; I am the Lord God! Begone! Away with you, or I'll send you to hell!" In saying this he raised himself to his full height, and spread out like an excited preacher at a camp-meeting. The workmen, however, said nothing to the man, and he kept on repeating his authority and the punishment he would inflict if they refused to leave him as directed. A policeman was soon after procured, and the stranger, who was evidently deranged, taken to the police court. It was subsequently ascertained that he was a Western man of respectable connections, but unduly excited, as was supposed, by the recent controversy respecting the "Broad Church."

Sale of a Colored Man in Boston.—We noticed the other day the fraud of a vendor of hay in Boston by placing a quantity of stones in a false bottom under his cart. It appears that sometimes a colored man in his employ was substituted for the stones, and has thus been sold several times over. The question among the purchasers now is to whom he belongs. There is probably no precedent in Massachusetts law to decide the point, and recourse must be had to that of Alabama and Mississippi.

Caught a Tartar.—Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, made a speech at St. Paul on the 21st. The eloquent but eccentric Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, was present. The "doughface" insisted that he should follow Mr. Hale. They would not hear his excuses. Coming from a Slave State, they were sure that he would talk right, and they literally forced him upon the stand. But to his speech was on the side of freedom! He denounced the compromise breakers, and labeled Douglas as a traitor. Finding they had caught a traitor, the Democrats tried to stop him. But having begun against his will, he would not stop till he got ready, and for an hour he poured the hot lava of his eloquence upon the sham Democracy, to their mortification and to the delight of the Republicans who heard him.—*Albany Journal.*

Complimentary to Mrs. Stowe.—A life of James Wilson, the Scotch naturalist and genial writer, has been written by his friend, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, and is republished in this country. It is a very excellent reading. Mr. Wilson was a wit as well as an enthusiast in natural science, and some of the private letters embraced in this volume sparkle with the most graceful and pleasant humor. In a letter to one of his lady friends, written near the close of his life, he says of our Mrs. Stowe:

"I have just received a note from Mrs. Grace of Argyll, wishing me to be with him this evening. He is a great admirer of Mrs. Stowe, and in reply to some remarks of mine, says, 'as to Mrs. Stowe, nothing will spoil her; I feel sure.' Good Mrs. Harriet! she was almost worried to death in Edinburgh, and must have thought as rather a ruffianly set of philanthropists. For myself, I am too old now to become a philanthropist, and I have a great aversion to crowds; moreover, I set such great store by the feminine part of the female character, that I am slow to see the use or propriety of any woman appearing upon a public platform, unless, as in the case of the late Mrs. Manning, she is going to be hanged. It then becomes unavoidable."

Great Shark Story.—The Brooklyn *Eagle* says that on Friday evening the 25th Sept., at about 10½ o'clock, as three young men, J. B. Hamill, J. M. White and E. Mortimer Williams, of this city, were rowing towards Hart Island, bound for Hart Island, in the rowboat *Leda*, a huge shark, attracted probably by the bright light of a lantern, which they were carrying with the boat, at eight, came to the surface within an area's length of the side of the boat. One of the party having a revolver, immediately discharged three shots at the head of the monster, which was out of water at the time. The bullets did not seem to have any effect, for he headed across the bow of the boat, his fin and head being visible. The party rowing broke water, and as the shark cruised the bow, within three or four feet, he received a thrust from their boat-hook which seemed to make him somewhat livelier in his motions. He also received three or four more bullets from the pistol, none of them fired at a greater distance than six feet from him. He kept close to them, swimming in a circle, and several times went completely around the boat, just out of reach of the boat-hook. The party then pulled the boat to shore, when one of them went up to Dunlap's hotel to procure assistance to despatch the monster, but his story

received no credit, and he was laughed at. They then pulled out into the stream and after loading their revolver, headed toward home. They did not proceed very far when the shark rose directly in front of the boat, about eight feet off, coming directly toward them. Williams, who was standing up in the bow of the boat, discharged the pistol twice directly into the monster's head. This had the effect of turning him a little out of his course, and he sank and went under, rasping the bottom of the boat; his head rose out of the water directly alongside of the party steering. He seemed to be about fifteen feet long—judging from the length of the line, which is seventeen feet. Their ammunition being about exhausted, and bullets seeming to have little effect on the shark, not caring to risk too close an encounter with one that their boat, they were compelled reluctantly to leave his company. During the encounter the party fired at him thirteen bullets from their revolver, and struck him with the boat hook four times. The boat was in his company about half an hour; he seemed quite deliberate in his motions. They were very ambitious of capturing him as a prize, and if they had succeeded in killing him, would have endeavored to tow him down to the bath, where their boat is kept.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

The London Daily News states that the Government have decided on dispatching several additional steam frigates, together with a sufficient number of sailing frigates, to augment the squadron in China. It is also expected that a force of 1,000 additional marines will be dispatched to China. Later accounts say that a military force will be sent at once from India.

It is officially announced that the Great Eastern will leave Portland, Weymouth, on her trial trip, on the 8th of October in stead of the 17th of September, and finally sail from Holyhead for Portland, Maine, on the 20th of October, instead of the 29th of September. This delay of three weeks is the time in which Mr. Scott Russell contracts to repair the damage occasioned by the explosion, and to put the vessel in the same condition that she was in when she sailed from the Thames. This contract, however, does not include any repairs which the boilers may be found to require, and, although they apparently sustained no damage, an investigation is said to have shown that the internal stays of the boiler most directly exposed to the shock have either been displaced or greatly weakened, so that the boiler cannot be safely used in the present state.

The decease of Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer, occurred at his residence in London on the 15th ult., at the comparatively early age of fifty-four years. His last important work was the Great Eastern. On the 5th he was carried from the Great Eastern to his residence, in a very dangerous and alarming condition, having been seized with paralysis, induced, it was believed, by over mental anxiety. In spite of the most skillful medical attention, he continued to sink, and expired at half-past ten o'clock on Thursday night.

The Red Sea and India Telegraph Company have announced the arrangements under which they will be prepared, on and after the 1st of October, to transmit messages for the public between Alexandria and Aden. Messages for Australia and China will be forwarded by post from Aden. There is every probability that a direct communication with Alexandria will be established through Constantinople in the course of a few weeks. The news from India will then reach London in ten or eleven days. The cable for the Kurraheen section, in course of shipment at Bickenhead, will be laid by the end of the year.

FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe revives the rumor that the Empress Eugenie is en route, and also gives currency to a report that the Princess Clotilde is in a similar interesting situation.

The London Times Paris correspondent says it was stated that 12,000 French troops had been ordered to be held in readiness to depart for China. General Wimpfen was talked of for the command.

The King of the Belgians was at Biarritz with the Emperor. The Minister of the Interior had issued a Circular to the Prefects throughout France, stating that it is not the intention of the Government to modify the laws on the press, and requesting them to continue to control the latitude allowed to the provincial newspapers.

The *Moniteur* publishes an address to the Emperor, signed by above 10,000 Bergamasci. The address expresses a hope that the conditions of peace which his Majesty is about to dictate will be calculated to alleviate the sufferings which appear to threaten the future of Venetia. The address is silent respecting the return of the Archduke.

The Paris papers, almost without an exception, express satisfaction at the announcement of an Anglo-French expedition against China; and several of them add a hope that the union of the two flags against a common enemy will strengthen the alliance between the two countries, and dispel recent rumors of a rupture.

ITALY.

The Deputations from the National Assemblies of Parma and Modena, on the subject of the annexation of those Duchies to Piedmont, had arrived at Turin, and were received by King Victor Emmanuel on the 15th ult. The following is a telegraphic summary of the King's reply to the Deputations: He expressed his thanks to the people of Modena and Parma for the unanimity of their votes for the annexation of their provinces to Piedmont, by which they have confirmed the wishes expressed by them eleven years ago to the King, his father.

The Deputations had met with a most enthusiastic reception from the citizens of Turin.

The National Assembly of Parma had unanimously voted the confirmation of Signor Farini as Dictator. The Assembly further resolved to take into consideration a proposal to authorize the Dictator to contract a loan, the amount of which remains to be fixed.

The latest news from Italy leaves little doubt of the determination of the Italians to rely on themselves. Garibaldi was preparing a general concentration of troops on any given point. General Fanti, Commander-in-Chief of the troops of the Italian League, had fixed his headquarters at Bologna; the soldiers disbanded by Victor Emanuel were flocking around him.

Letters from Rome state that the health of the Pope was almost entirely restored.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says the state of siege in Venetia would very soon be abolished.

The Austrian party is represented as triumphant in Naples, and no reforms are to be expected. A new Anti-Reform Ministry was spoken of. The great landowners and others in Venetia had signed an address to the Emperor of Austria, praying him to take off the additional war taxes, as the annual revenue from the lands cannot support such heavy burdens.

The National Assembly of Parma met on the 15th for the reading of the answer given by the King of Sardinia to the deputation sent to Turin. The Assembly then, after unanimously voting a loan of 6,000,000, and appointing a deputation to present the address to the Emperor Napoleon, was prorogued.

AUSTRIA.

Prince Richard Metternich had quitted Vienna on his return to Paris.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says it is evident that Prince Metternich is as usual led to the recent note in the Paris *Moniteur*, but it will hardly lead to a recall of the sovereigns of Modena and Tuscany. At the same time, Austria continues to increase her military strength in Italy, where there are now probably 60,000 or 100,000 French troops.

The Austrian *Gazette*, in remarking on the recent article in the *Moniteur*, argues that, as the restoration of the Italian Princes has not been effected, chiefly owing to the influence of Sardinia, Austria consequently is not bound to carry out the concessions she has made, including the cession of Lombardy.

The new law relative to the Protestants of Hungary is said to have given general satisfaction.

GERMANY.

Great disappointment was felt in Germany at the reply given by the Prince Regent of Prussia to the petitions for Federal reform. The movement was, however, steadily progressing.

At Frankfurt-on-the-Main a meeting of the Society of Friends of the Federal Constitution had been held.

CHINA.

The Vanderbilt brought the disastrous news that the French and English Ambassadors had been prevented from proceeding to Peking, agreeably to treaty. Thus the apprehension lately current among the Chinese regarding the reception of the foreign Ministers at the Peking, have been realized. The Hon. Mr. Bruce arrived off the mouth of the river on the 20th ult., and found the channel barred and its access refused. On demanding the removal of the obstructions, he might proceed with his escort towards Peking, the Chinese refused. It is understood that they offered to conduct him and his suite to the capital by another way, and under a native escort. But this was rejected, and on the 25th the British and French attempted to force the barriers. But they were fired upon from the forts with such fatal effect that at evening they were obliged to withdraw, with the loss of several vessels, and with about one-third of their men killed or wounded.

The forts proved much more formidable than was suspected, and the guns were served with a skill and spirit unusual for Chinese. In fact the troops were Mongols, and commanded by their famous Prince Ien-koh-lin-tai.

The British and French Ministers, with the greater part of their forces, have returned to Shanghai; and it is understood that they will remain here quietly until fresh instructions arrive from their Governments. For these, special couriers go home with this mail.

The American Minister was to have had an interview with some high officials near the Peking on the 6th inst., and it is thought that his business will be adjusted without serious difficulty.

The ratifications of the Russian treaty were exchanged at Peking in April or May—a condition being added that the Russians were not to send Embassies to Peking. We may presume, therefore, that the American treaty, which is similar in its main stipulations, will duly take effect. It is upon it that trade must depend while the British and French treaties are in abeyance. The new tariff agreed upon is annexed to it.

If the American Minister is in the hands of the Chinese, we shall not be surprised to hear of his murder. We trust we are not going to initiate the Dutch method of trading with the Japanese. Again we say if our Minister has trusted himself at Peking without any force he will be in great danger. We trust the French and English will make an example of those brutal wretches, the Chinese.

The City of Baltimore and Vanderbilt brought in ample details of the disaster at the mouth of the Peiho, but the papers now to hand contain additional particulars. An eye-witness, in a letter in the London *Times*, thus speaks of the attitude of the Americans:

"I cannot end without referring to one matter that, in connection with this battle, should be ever remembered. Were we children of the same mother, we could not have received more sympathy and kindness than we met with from the Americans. Never were men more unwillingly neutral. As we passed in to the assault, Flag Officer Tatnall was heard to say, 'Blood is thicker than water,' and in a hundred different ways he and all his people, to the very cabin boys, acted up to this homely proverb. When he heard that our Admiral was wounded, at great personal risk he went on board the *Cornwall* to see him. Many of our men slept in the *Keyway*, American tender, on the night of the fight; cigars, coffee, brandy, everything a man could want was placed before them. The American crew forgot themselves, and thought only of the British."

A few days after the fight, a Chinese junk, with a flag of truce, brought fresh provisions to the *Powhatan*, United States frigate. These were immediately sent to our wounded. The bond of American brotherhood was indeed deeply cemented in the trial at the Peiho."

The London *Times*, in an editorial, in which it censures Admiral Hope, for his too great confidence and consequent defeat, concludes its remarks as follows:

"It is an unpeakable gratification to find that we may rely, at all events, on the sympathies of the great Anglo-Saxon Republic. Whatever may be the result of the fight, England will never forget the day when the deeds and words of kindly Americans sustained and comforted her stricken warriors on the waters of the Peiho."

BUENOS AYRES.

We have news to the 16th of August. That miserable tyrant, Urquiza, had recommenced the war against Buenos Ayres. It appears he had enlisted some 200 French Crimean soldiers. Our Minister, Mr. Yancey, who has with the English Minister endeavored to bring about a peace, is roughly disparaging Urquiza's conduct. On the 12th of August, an agent of Urquiza, Don Federico Segui, arrived at Buenos Ayres, and had an interview with Mr. Yancey. The nature of this may be gathered at from the following paragraph from the *Buenos Ayres Commercial Times* of the 13th:

"By the steamer yesterday arrived, Don Federico Segui, from the Parana, with communications for Mr. Yancey from the Central Government. But the 'Peace Conference' at the hospitable table of Mr. Yancey received an unwelcome check last night, plates, bottles, &c., supplying the place of pleasant words among his guests, and Mr. Yancey having had his spectacles broken in the fray, it is probable he will now see clearer into the nature of South American diplomacy."

"The next day the Government ordered Senor Segui to embark at once and leave the city, which he did without delay."

The duty we owe humanity counsels a policy similar to that of Great Britain in India—we ought to smother."

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Jeffries's New Long Range.—A most wonderful long range cannon, invented by Mr. Jeffries, patentee of the well-known marine gun, is in course of being mounted in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, for experiment at shrapnel-buryness. Its range or flight of shot is spoken of as certain to eclipse every other weapon hitherto known. The gun, with its present bore, namely, a three-inch diameter, weighs seven tons, and presents an appearance—with the exception of the present calibre—similar to one of our 68-pounders. The charge will consist of 16 lb. of powder, and a conical-shaped shot, weighted with lead to 9 lb., and hollowed, similarly to the Minie bullet, which it is presumed will be propelled fifteen or twenty miles! Mr. Jeffries it is stated, has asserted his conviction that it would carry from Dover to Calais. It is the intention of the authorities to carry out a varied and complicated course of experiments under the inspection of the Select Committee of Woolwich Arsenal. After being satisfied of its power in its present form, the bore will be progressively increased to a 68-pounder. To enable the gunners to point the gun, the trunnions will be fitted with a couple of telescopes to assist the eye over the enormous range predicted.

An English Brute.—At Bristol, James Glyde has been charged with having left his wife and family chargeable to the parish. Mrs. Glyde, who was in attendance, said she had borne her husband six children. She last saw him five years ago, when, after the birth of one of her children, she met him in Manchester. Eight years ago he wrote to her, but since then he had never sent her a single line either for herself or the children. Thomas, the Mayor's sergeant, said that when he found the prisoner he was staying with a woman by whom he had three children. He was a local preacher. The prisoner corrected the officer, and said he was a missionary. Thomas: Well, he was a sort of missionary, and was much respected. The prisoner, when called upon for his answer, acknowledged that Mrs. Glyde was his wife, and that, as he had transgressed the law, he was entitled to be punished. He said there were features in his case which he hoped would be considered. At the age of twenty-two he became seriously impressed, and he was not afraid or ashamed to confess it. He was for ten years the agent of a Christian society, and was respected; indeed, he could say that his conduct was worthy of his profession. As that agent he was called away from his home, and he left his wife to take care of his family, little thinking that she would not otherwise than properly. He never suspected, till four years before he left her, that she was "addicted to infidelity." Here the magistrates interrupted him, and told him that if he meant to accuse his wife of adultery he must be prepared to prove it, as otherwise they could pay no attention to the charge. The prisoner then went on to allege that his wife had threatened to do for him, and that he had been so much afraid of her that he had often taken his child on his knee and made him eat the food she had given him, lest it might destroy him. The wife solemnly denied these allegations, and said the prisoner had never before ventured on them. In no one of his letters had he ever mentioned them. The magistrates said they felt that it was a case in which they ought to impose the full penalty, and they therefore ordered him to be committed as a rogue and vagabond, and kept to hard labor, for the space of three months.

A Murdered Child Found in a Water-Butt.—Mr. Wakley, coroner for West Middlesex, has held an inquest to view the body of a male child found in a water-butt in an advanced state of decomposition. By Mr. Pattenden, in the kitchen of his premises, Upper Bow-street, Marybone, on Wednesday week. He deposed that his family and others in the house, who had regularly partaken of the water from the butt, had of late frequently complained of the bad smell and sickly taste of the water, and the nausea which it created. On Wednesday morning week his wife felt sick from the smell and bad taste of the tea for breakfast, and was unable to drink it, where upon he went to the water-butt with the intention of cleaning it out, when, to his surprise and consternation, he discovered the body of the child floating on the surface of the water. He immediately called in a police constable, who removed it to the workhouse. The medical evidence proved that the body must have been in the water a length of time. It had received a fracture of the skull two inches in length, which he emphatically stated must have been produced during life, and was sufficient to cause death. After short deliberation, the jury unanimously returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person unknown."

FRANCE.

One of the Bonapartes.—Prince Lucien Bonaparte has printed a catalogue of the works edited by him in the various dialects of Europe, also a list of works now in the press. The more recent works are the "Canticles in France," the "Joseph of St. Matthew in the Valley of the Dialects of Venetia, Milan, Naples, and Bergamo." Among other labors, the prince has printed the Songs of Solomon in four English dialects—Lowland Scotch, and the dialects of Cumberland, Newcastle and Westmoreland, preserved, for the use of linguists and historians, the exact state of language in those districts, as spoken by the native population in the reign of Victoria.

The price might find some amusement in translating these books into the Down East or Bowery dialects.

PRUSSIA.

Kladradatsch. the Berlin *Punch*, has a caricature inscribed, "France, never having armed, disarms." A figure, holding in all manner of weapons, easily recognized as by the various nose, wears by way of cloak a sheet of the *Moniteur*, "L'Empire est en paix, tout est bon." Another caricature represents the Emperor bargaining with the Emperor of Austria, who holds in his hands a Prussian soldier and an English sailor. "I am only hesitating which to take," "Both or neither," says the dealer, "they are the only two remaining of the big ones, and I cannot sell them separately." "Then I must leave them, for I fear they would cost too much."

AUSTRIA.

The Brutal Emperor of Austria.—The South German papers are filled with descriptions of the pitiable state to which the Austrian prisoners returning from France are reduced. Their Government seems to have taken no care of them whatever, and they are dependent on the compassion of the populations through which they pass for the most necessities. There are no helms, as in the England of Falstaff's days, to supply them with linen; many of them shoeless, and their heads protected from the tropical heat when they still enjoy only by such combinations of fortuitous rage as fortune has supplied them to twist in a urbane. They were hurried to the battle field at all the speed and convenience of steam; they are left to find their way home from captivity on foot, followed by the carts in which their wounded comrades (without a medical attendant) are jolted into agonies—not seldom to death.

PACIFIC.

Another Island.—Captain Melville, of the American brig *Amazon*, reports the discovery of an island in the Pacific Ocean, several hundreds of miles from any land laid down on the charts. He says: "It is in lat. 0 45 N., and long. 175 35 W.; very low and dangerous, and in, I expect, the last resting-place of the crew of some of the ships which have been missed in years ago by." On the highest part of the island is a house, apparently built from pieces of a wreck, with a flag staff at one end, from which a flag of the United States was flying. Several small hummocks, each with a tall, upright stone upon it, evidently the graves of the poor fellows who have escaped from the

wreck of their vessel, and died on this dreary spot, where, perhaps, they had spent months in vainly looking for a passing sail to relieve them from their dreary prison."

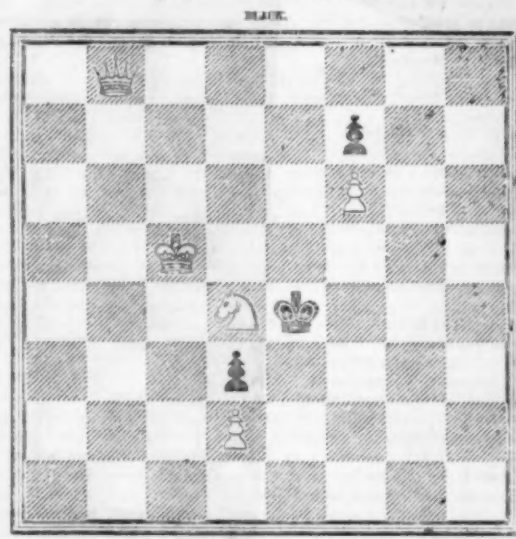
AUSTRALIA.

A Vague Nugget.—An Australian gold-seeker writes home to his friends an account of a huge nugget which he, with his companions, recently found: "It is the largest cake of amalgamated gold that has ever been produced in the world; it was the result of eighty tons of quartz, exactly four days' work, but it took ten men three weeks to get it. When the monster cake was taken into Sandhurst it was too heavy to carry, so we placed it in one of the carts, and brother Will, Mr. Shibley, and myself took charge of it. We proceeded to Sandhurst without exciting much interest; but on our arrival at the bank it began to be known that there was a monster cake of gold to be seen, and before we could carry it into the bank it was crowded to excess, and hundreds were collected round, which entirely put a stop to business, so the manager thought it would be advisable to place it in some window, so that the people could feast their eyes upon it without putting a stop to their business; so it was transferred to Mr. Jackson's store, and exhibited for two days; thousands came to see it. The police were called in to keep the footpath clear, but all to no purpose. I am sure it would have done your eyes good to have seen it, for it was a glorious sight." It would have been more satisfactory if the writer of the above letter had given the weight.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—JOHN SCHLESINGER, Cleveland, Ohio. Problems received with thanks. The creations, &c., shall be duly attended to.—C. H. A., Morrisville. Problems on file for examination. Further report soon.—A. F. BURNHAM, Albion Centre, Wis. Dileto to C. H. A.

PROBLEM No. 214.—By JOHN TANNER, New Orleans. White to play and mate in two moves.



The two following games were played at the Southampton Chess Club, between Mr. Lumby, the blind player, and Mr. Skelton and D. M. They will prove the great progress made by Mr. Lumby in Chess, in spite of his physical disadvantages:

GAME 1.

WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Mr. D. M.	WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Mr. D. M.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	17 R to K (ch)	Kt to K 2
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	18 Q to K 2 (b)	Kt to K (c)
3 B to Q 5 4	B to Q B 4	19 Kt to Kt	B to Q B
4 P to Q Kt 4	B to P	20 Kt to B 4	B to B 2
5 P to Q B 3	P to Q R 4	21 R to Q	P to K R 3
6 Q to K 3	Q to K 2	22 Kt to K R 4	P to Kt 3
7 B to R 5	P to Q 3	23 P to B 4	P to Kt 4
8 Castles	B to Kt 3	24 Kt to Q 2	P to K R 4
9 P to Q 4	Kt to R 4	25 Kt to Kt 3	K to R 2
10 Q to R 4 (ch)	B to Q 2	26 Kt to Q B 5	B to Kt 3
11 B to Kt 5	Kt to Q B 3	27 K to B	B to Kt 3
12 P to P 3	P to Q R 3	28 Kt to K B 3	Q to B 3 (d)
13 P to P 3	P to P 3	29 Q to Kt (ch)	K to Kt
14 P to K 5 (a)	Kt to P	30 Kt to Kt 6	Q R to K B
15 B to B (ch)	Q to B	31 Kt to K 4, and wins.	
16 Q to Q	Kt to B 5		

- (a) All the opening moves are played with the greatest accuracy.
(b) An excellent move, as it not only prevents Black from Castling, but also attacks the advanced Knight.
(c) K to Q B would have been stronger.
(d) Clearly an oversight.

GAME 2.

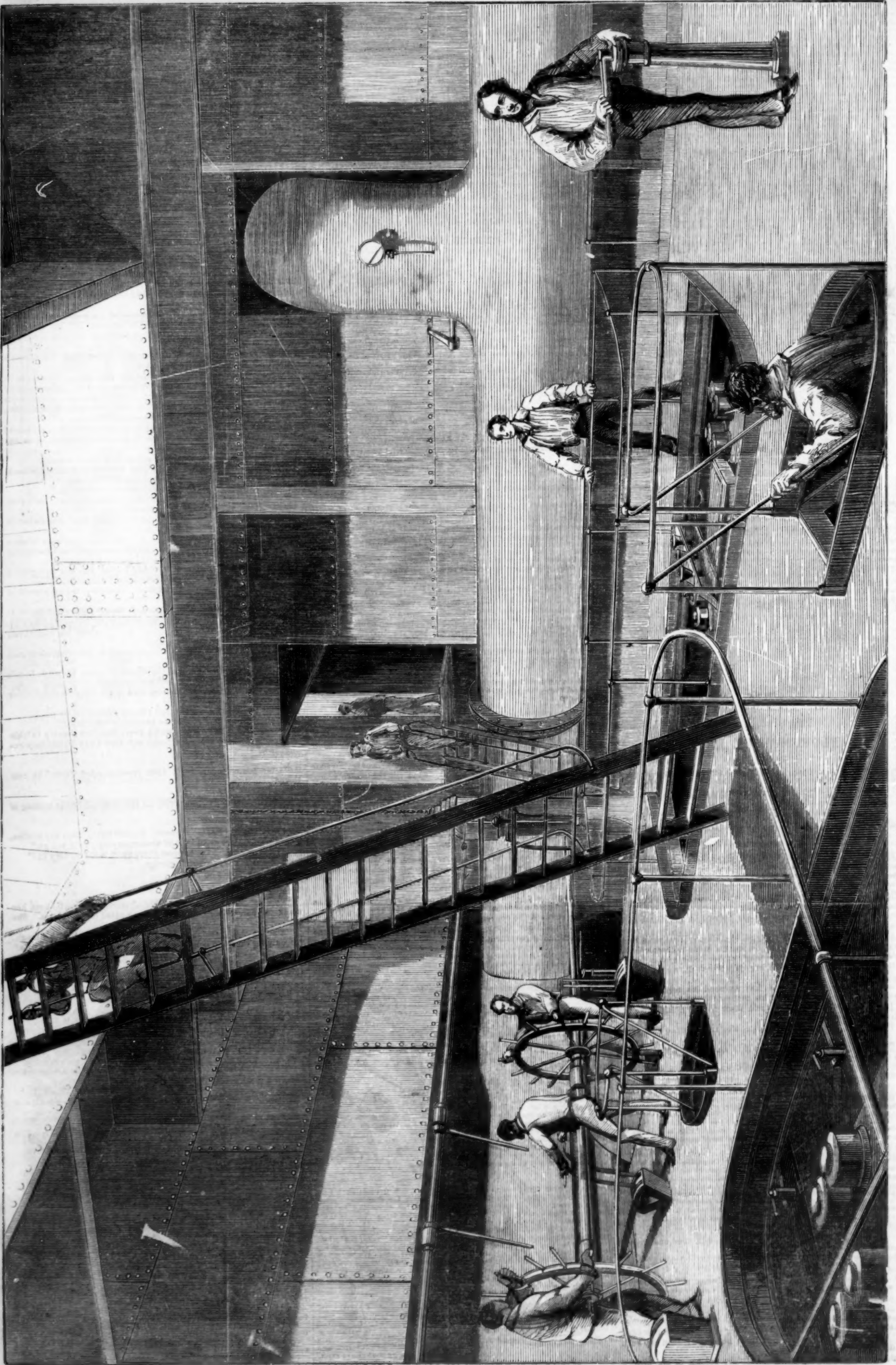
WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Mr. S.	WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Mr. S.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	25 Kt to B 4	Q Kt to Q 2
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	26 Kt to Kt	Kt to Kt 3
3 P to B 3	B to B 4 (a)	27 R to Kt	P to Kt 3
4 P to Q 4 (b)	R to Q 3 (c)	28 Q to Kt 3	Q to Kt 2
5 B to Q Kt 6 (d)	Q to K 2	29 Kt to Kt (g)	Q to P 3
6 Castles	Kt to Q R 4	30 R to K 4	Q to K 3
7 B to Q B 4 (e)	P to K R 3	31 R to B 4	Q to Q 6
8 K to K	B to K B 3	32 Q to K	Q to Kt 6
9 P to P 3	B to P 3	33 R to Kt	Q to K 5
10 Kt to B 3	Q to Kt	34 Q to Q 2	Q to K 5
11 P to K B 4	Q to Q B 4	35 B to K B 4	Q to K 2
12 Q to Q 2	Kt to Kt 5	36 R to Q	Q Kt to Q
13 Q to K 2	P to Q 3	37 Q to Q 5	K to Kt
14 P to K R 3	P to K R 4	38 Q to B 4	Q to B 2
15 P to Q Kt 4	Q to Kt 3	39 R to Kt 3	Q to Kt 3
16 P to Q R 4	P to K 4	40 Kt to R (disch)	K to R 2
17 P to Kt 5	B to K 3	41 R to Kt (ch)	K to Kt
18 B to Q 5	Kt to Q 2	42 P to Q	R to Kt 3
19 B to B (ch)	Kt to B 3	43 P to B 7	R to Kt
20 P to B 5	Kt to B	44 K to B 2	K to Kt 2
21 P to Kt 3	Kt to K 4	45 P to Kt 4	P to R 5
22 B to K 3	P to B 4	46 K to B 5	P to Kt 4
23 Kt to R 3	K to B 2	47 P to P	P to R 5, and wins.
24 R to K B 3 (f)	Q to R 2		

- (a) Kt to K B 3 is the correct play.
(b) B to Q Kt 5 is a move of great importance at this point, as it converts the opening into the Ray Lopez Knight's game.
(c) This is evidently bad, and ought to lead to immediate embarrassment.
(d) The right move.
(e) It appears to us that White loses time. He could have taken P with Knight with great effect, and then have thrown forward K B P.
(f) A very ingenious idea on the part of a blind player, as he threatens, if the Knight be taken, to win the Queen in three moves.
(g) White, probably, left his Knight en prise, in order to attack the Q P with his Bishop eventually.
(h) This loses the game, Kt to Q would have been a far better resource.

The following game was played some time ago, at the St. George's Chess Club, between Mr. FAUCHER, a talented amateur, and Herr LOWENTHAL, the latter giving the odds of the Queen's Knight, which is to be removed from the board.

WHITE. Herr L.	BLACK. Dr. F.	WHITE. Herr L.	BLACK. Dr. F.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	32 P to Q B 3	R to Kt 3
2 P to K B 4	P to P	33 K to B 2	Kt to Q B 3
3 B to Q B 4	Q to R 5 (ch)	34 P to Q 4	Kt to K 4 (c)
4 Kt to B 3	P to Kt 4	35 P to Kt (d)	P to P
5 P to Q 3	Kt to K B 3	36 B to P	Kt to P (ch)
6 Kt to K B 3	Q to R 4	37 K to K 3	B to Q B 4 (ch)
7 P to K R 4	P to Q 3	38 B to Q 4	Castles Q R
8 K to Kt 3	B to Kt 3 (a)	39 B to K B P	B to Kt (ch)
9 P to P 3	B to Kt	40 P to B	Kt to K 6
10 Q to B	Q to P (b)	41 Q to K (ch), and wins.	
11 Q to B 3	Q to Kt 4		

- (a) In a game without odds this move would be an objectionable one, but in the present instance it was Black's best.
(b) This seems to have been an error, Black ought to have exchanged Queen, and then played his R to Kt sq.
(c) A good move; rendering careful and accurate play on the part of White necessary.
(d) It would have been safer to have taken the Kt with B, but White, who was still missing a piece, preferred to equalize the forces by this somewhat more hazardous move.



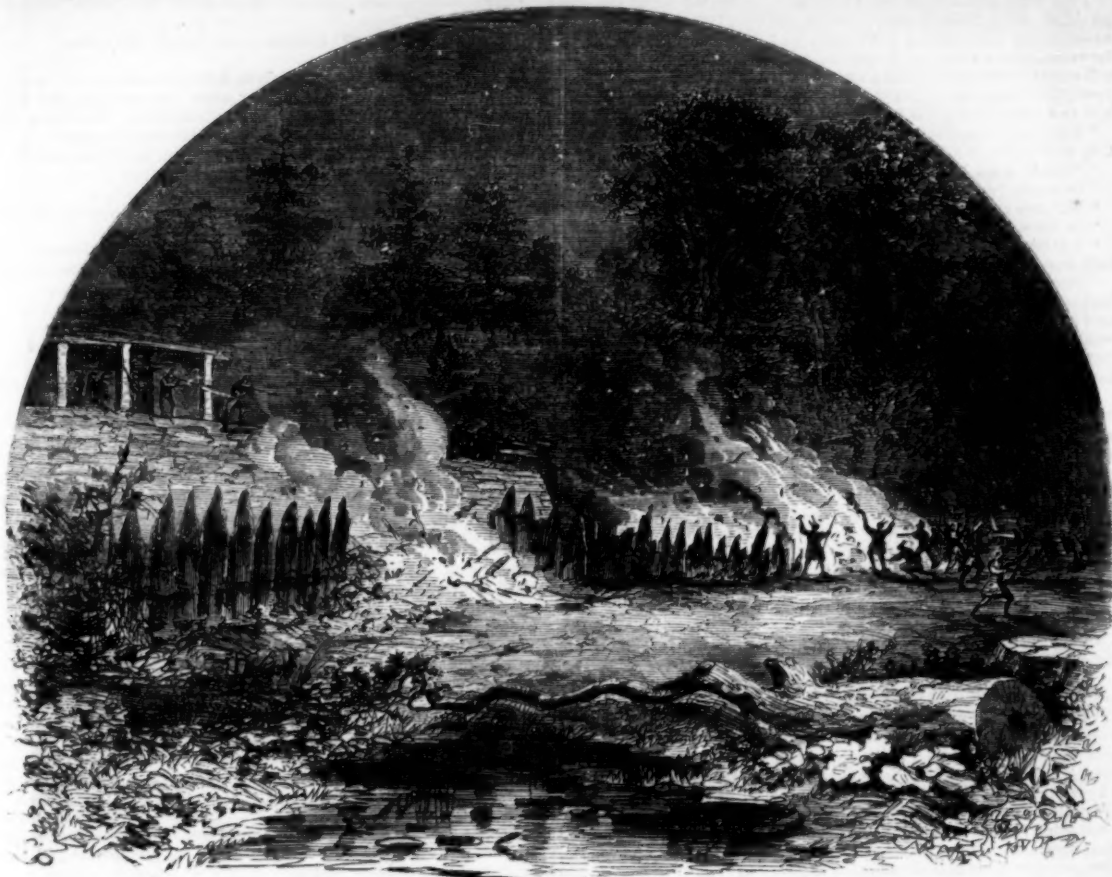
THE PROPELLER ENGINE ROOM OF THE GREAT EASTERN STEAMSHIP.

TH
Our
eng
gin-
po-
To
from
cess-
Th

QU

Aut

NEXT
in-on
in her
sorrow
The
in her
She
Roland
Lad
gover
roy's
"fello
disgu
You
tered
"I
address
"Th
will no
"Qu
toas of
Now
vation
check
"Le
of fool
sulting
Brav
who w
sole o
counte
impos
Such
Pete
fixed
inson.
Poor
asibl
Sir P
letters
The
It is
true.
who w
tion of
any g
Now
in the
her. S
disast
But,



The fort was a small enclosure of wail, surrounded on the outside by a stockade and ditch.

THE PROPELLER ENGINE-ROOM OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Our last week's issue having contained an engraving of the paddle engine-room, we now give a companion picture of the propeller engine-room adding thereto some information relative to the size and power of these engines, compiled from the most authentic sources.

They are the largest ever made for marine purposes, and are from the works of James Watt & Company, of Birmingham, the successors in business of the celebrated James Watt.

The following are the statistics respecting them:

Number of cylinders	-	4
Weight of each cylinder	-	30 tons
Diameter of cylinders	-	84 inches
Length of stroke	-	4 feet
Number of boilers	-	6
Furnaces for boilers	-	72
Diameter of propeller	-	24 feet
Number of blades to propeller	-	4
Length of propeller shaft	-	160 feet
Horse power	-	1600

FLORENCE DE LACY;

OR,

QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS.

A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy B. St. John,

Author of "Quadroona," "Photographs of the Heart," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEXT morning, after the interview with Stephen de Lacy, Miss Robinson rose from her bed pale, worn but resolute. She had no right in her dependent position to have time for grief. She must allow sorrow literally to gnaw her vitals and undermine her constitution.

There was, moreover, one reflection which brought comfort to her in her affliction.

She did not, strange as it may appear, believe in the death of Sir Roland de Lacy.

Lady Paulet was peculiarly sulky at breakfast. What right had a governess to make scenes and to be brought home in Doctor Pomeroy's carriage? And then the "idea" of her being spoken to by a "fellow" when in company with her daughters. It was positively disgusting.

Young Mr. Peter clenched his fists, gnashed his teeth, and muttered something about punching his confounded head.

"I only wish, Miss Robinson, you'd favor me with his name and address," said he.

"Thank you," she replied, in some confusion, "but the annoyance will not be repeated."

"Quite a gentleman says Lucy," put in Lady Paulet, with a slight toss of her head at the idea.

Now, what she intended to convey by this latter very lucid observation it is impossible to say. The conversation was suddenly checked.

"Let the girl alone; she had quite enough of it yesterday. Parcel of fools! can't let a respectable girl walk the highway without insulting her. I'd whip all such puppies at a cart tail."

Bravo, Sir Peter Paulet! There are a set of men in this world who would certainly be benefited by some such application, whose sole occupation in life appears to be staring decent women out of countenance, rendering promenading, by very young ladies, almost impossible when unaccompanied by a guardian.

Such pests would be improved by a little wholesome discipline. Peter looked annoyed at his father's observation, while Lady Paulet fixed her round eyes, with unmistakable anger, upon Miss Robinson.

Poor girl, what could she do but finish her breakfast as soon as possible and hurry to her pupils?

Sir Peter shortly retired to his private room to read and answer letters.

The mother and son remained alone.

It is a dark feature in human nature to unwell, but it is strictly true. There are mothers, and many of them, weak and silly women, who would start with horror and amazement from the bare suggestion of dishonor to a daughter, but who feel annoyed and vexed that any girl should resist a favorite son.

Now Lady Paulet did not desire that Miss Robinson should follow in the footsteps of the weak and confiding girl who had preceded her. She would have eagerly dismissed her rather than any such disaster should occur.

But, at the same time, there was at the bottom of her heart a

brooding dislike to the young girl, because she could not appreciate the attentions of a silly coxcomb of twenty, without a manly quality to recommend him, and utterly devoid of that simplicity and frankness of heart which so often makes up for the want of more solid merits.

Youth has dear privileges, but when it apes the vices, follies, manners and hollowiness of riper manhood, youth is without charm.

The governess was a girl of fine and noble sensibilities, a girl of heart and soul, and could no more have been moved by the obsequious snit of a fop than she could have been moved by a painted block in a barber's window.

Lady Paulet saw that Miss Robinson was utterly unable to see the merits of her son, and, as a fond mother, she could not see any merit in her either.

"Peter," said Lady Paulet, in a grave tone, "I wonder what any man could see in that 'ere girl to make such a fuss as this here fellow did."

"She's very pretty," replied Peter.

"Law, Peter! I'd show you hundreds prettier down on the beach any day."

"I wish you would, mother," said young hopeful, with a grin.

"You naughty, wicked boy—hardly a man, and talking of girls—it's shocking, I declare," added Lady Paulet.

And the poor woman smiled, as if in admiration of her manly son.

Is this overcharged? Is it a tithe of the truth, where boys are under the charge of injudicious or weak-minded parents and guardians?

"I suppose I ain't to shut my eyes," continued Peter; "a cat may look at a king. As for Miss Robinson, I hate the very sight of her!"

"Well, I can't say as how I'm very fond on her myself," said Lady Paulet. "It was only last night Lucy told me I spoke bad grammar; her governess must have put her up to it."

Poor Miss Robinson! Like many others who have vulgar children to deal with, she had found it necessary to explain the difference of right and wrong in speech, and the young people's eyes once opened, they had necessarily discovered the errors of their parents.

"Very likely," said Peter, with a laugh.

He was educated enough to see his mother's weak point, but he was not yet corrupt enough openly to ridicule her.

At the moment the conversation led to nothing, but it proved that the mother and son thoroughly understood one another as to the poor unoffending governess.

They little imagined the influence she was about suddenly to have on their fortunes.

Miss Robinson had ascended to the school-room, and after giving out some quiet lessons, had withdrawn to the window, where she speedily fell into a reverie.

How long it lasted, she had no opportunity of judging; it was, however, speedily interrupted.

"May I come in?" said a cheerful, hearty voice.

"Certainly," replied the governess, rising and advancing to meet the speaker.

It was Dr. Pomeroy.

"Well, and how are we to-day, eh?" he said, taking her hand.

"Eh, what! feverish, low; do you know, Miss Robinson, this won't do—hum, ah!"

And, after some further examination of his patient, he descended to call upon Lady Paulet.

"This won't do," he muttered; "the persecution of that unmanly fellow is killing her. Besides, this account of her uncle's death mopes her to death. We must try change of air and scene."

This was said with a strange smile quivering on his lips.

He, however, composed his features to their gravest expression, as he entered the splendid drawing-room of the mistress of the house.

"Good morning, Lady Paulet."

"Good morning, doctor."

"Well, and how do the waters agree with you? You appear a little flushed this morning."

"'Tis my 'art," began Lady Paulet, in a languishing tone, "and then my indigestion is so werry weak, I wonder I eat at all. I'm a poor, delicate critter."

Now, considering Lady Paulet weighed sixteen stone, ate and drank heartily, and never had been ailing in her life, but at proper times, it was naturally to be expected that the learned doctor should differ with her in opinion.

But Doctor Pomeroy never openly differed in opinion with a female patient with regard to their ailments.

It is a well-known fact that all persons who fancy themselves ill have a morbid dislike to being corrected in their opinion. They cling to their malady as a miser to his treasure, or a sailor to his colors. Persons always of weak intellect, take away their ailment, and henceforth they are without an occupation.

Lady Paulet hailed a malady with more satisfaction than she would have a handsome legacy. It was a magnificent inroad upon the baneful monotony of existence.

And then the doctor on this occasion was a bit of a Jesuit.

"I must allow, my dear madam," he continued, shaking his head, "that you are, without being ill, not exactly the thing."

"I told Sir Peter the werry identical fact at breakfast."

"Nothing to speak of, you know, madam—nothing but what change of air and scene would remove."

"Change of hair," cried Lady Paulet, in rather loud accents for an ailing person.

"I think a couple of months or so of travel, a residence in some foreign place, would effect what medicine cannot," said the doctor gravely.

"Foreign parts," half shrieked Lady Paulet, who was dying for a continental 'tower,' as she called it.

"What say you to Paris?" said Doctor Pomeroy, taking a pinch of snuff.

"I allus did want to see that 'ere dear Paris," cried the lady.

"Then Paris be it; and if all things go right, I almost fancy a little change of air would do me good. Mrs. Pomeroy has never been to Paris."

"But Sir Peter?" said Lady Paulet, with a somewhat elongated countenance.

"Leave him to me," replied the doctor; "when his wife's health is to be considered, he surely will not hesitate."

Lady Paulet didn't know, but he was in his study—would Doctor Pomeroy see.

Doctor Pomeroy would see, and at once started on his mission.

"Well, my old friend," said the baronet, "what is it?"

"Well," replied the doctor, with a grave face, but a merry twinkle of the eye, "I have suddenly found out that Lady Paulet requires change of air."

"Oh!"

"After due consideration I have recommended Paris," he continued.

"Oh!"

"Lady Paulet quite agrees with me that it would be the making of her."

"Indeed!"

"I myself," said Doctor Pomeroy, not half liking these dry replies, "have come to the resolution of accompanying you if you go."

"Pomeroy," asked the baronet abruptly, "is she so very ill?"

"Not exact y ill," began Pomeroy.

"I don't mean my wife."

"Who then?"

"Miss—Miss Robinson."

"My dear fellow, she is ill. This abominable report about her uncle, the persecutions of this man, have acted on her nerves. She must travel."

"And she shall," said the baronet. He then added, with a laugh, "If only for the good laugh I shall have some day against my wife."



At this moment, a man who had rushed from the interior of the fort, took up the body of the unfortunate officer in his arms.

"Thank you, Sir Peter," replied the doctor; "you are doing a good action."

"Don't Sir Peter me, but go. I have fifty letters to write, if we are going. Come and dine at six."

Doctor Pomeroy returned, and reported his successful mission. Lady Paulet wished to start the very next day, and urged it upon her husband.

"But, my dear," said the head of the house, insidiously, "Peter will want to see his tailor, the children will want travelling clothes, and then there is Miss Robinson."

"Miss Robinson!" half shrieked Lady Paulet, "what about her?"

"You must give her an extra twenty pounds to rig out with."

"But why take her at all?"

"Because the journey will do the children good; secondly, because when you and I went to school, French was not a necessary part of education. Miss Robinson speaks capital French. Last of all, the governess herself is not well, and change of air and scene will be useful to her also."

Lady Paulet yielded with a groan. She saw she had been trapped—she knew now that the horrid doctor had laid a deep plot to procure a change of scene and air for Miss Robinson, and she saw, too, that her husband was aiding and abetting him.

"I'll be even with him," she muttered.

But, then, for several days all her ideas of revenge were swallowed up in the one grand prospect of a trip to Paris. Peter was equally delighted. As for the governess, she had grown so apathetic with regard to everything, that she began her preparations in the most listless manner. Her pupils, however, were in a state of wild excitement, which at last had its influence upon her. Lucy declared that she actually smiled.

At length the eventful day arrived.

It was a splendid morning; the sun rode high in the heavens in proud effulgence, tingling the waves with sparkling lustre. The boat which was to convey them was firing and fretting beside the wharf, and the passengers were crowding on board.

Miss Robinson had charge of the children; but what was her surprise and astonishment when she descended into the ladies' cabin to find herself followed by Mary.

"I am so delighted," cried the governess heartily. "But how is this?"

"Dr. and Mrs. Pomeroy are going to Paris," said Mary, smiling.

Miss Robinson was quite startled. She had hitherto looked with surprise on the sudden determination of Sir Peter, but now, taking it in conjunction with the date of the doctor's advice, she had a shrewd suspicion that she herself was at the bottom of the whole affair.

She did not, however, communicate her suspicions to Mary, but conversed with her upon other topics, after a private warning not to betray the secret of her real name to the girls.

Meanwhile, Sir Peter and Lady Paulet, with Dr. and Mrs. Pomeroy, had selected a position on deck. They occupied one of the centre benches, while Master Peter stood, with a cigar in his mouth, in another part of the vessel.

"How delightful," said Lady Paulet; "I am sure it will be bootiful."

"Indeed; and pray what may be your complaint?" inquired Mrs. Pomeroy, with sudden interest.

"General weakness," replied Lady Paulet, with a sigh.

"Indeed! why, really, Lady Paulet, I always understood you enjoyed the most robust health."

"It's a sad mistake," continued the invalid, "and Dr. Pomeroy's the man as knows it."

Mrs. Pomeroy looked keenly at her husband, who turned away and spoke with the baronet.

The doctor's wife was now in a perfect tumult of curiosity to know why her husband could possibly have persuaded Lady Paulet that she was ill, and induced her to go abroad.

"I think Dr. Pomeroy is greatly mistaken," she added, "for I never saw your ladyship look so young and blooming before."

"Law! now that's just what Jimima—that's my own maid, you know—says to me this morning; but it's not looks as is able to show the state of your indigestion. Look at Mr. Alderman Jenkins, what a red face he had at the dinner party, and next day he died of apoplexy."

"I think I did hear my husband say he died from over-eating, but then your ladyship is so very moderate in your habits."

Lady Paulet would have made a rather snappish remark at this observation, which was evidently satirical, when her eloquence was checked in a most unexpected manner.

The steamer had quietly, during this conversation, glided from her moorings, and just as Mrs. Pomeroy made her last observation, it entered upon the open sea, giving a defiant plunge and rolling as it breasted the waves.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Lady Paulet, leaping to her feet, "what's that?"

If she had been red before, she was white enough now. Her face had changed its hue, both from fear and from the first sensation of the most vile of all sickness.

"Sit down, my dear madam," replied Dr. Pomeroy, taking her arm; "it's only the roll of the vessel."

Now, it was all very well for Dr. Pomeroy, who had been a navy surgeon before being a physician, to say it was only the roll. All persons who have crossed the water for the first time, except during a calm, are perfectly aware that the first sensation is dreadful. The roll is alarming, but the pitch head-foremost is really fearful.

"I won't go—take me back!" roared the unhappy lad. "I'm sure you want to kill me, you horrid men! I suppose you have a second Lady Paulet! Oh, oh, oh—but I won't be killed!"

"Take a little brandy and water," said Mrs. Pomeroy, soothingly.

"Will—oh, my head!—will it do me good? I'm sure we shall all be drowned! Sir Peter, I insist we turn back—oh!"

"It can't be done, my dear. It will be over in a few hours," said the baronet, with placid equanimity; he was used to the sea.

"Hours! I shall be dead—ugh—in ten minutes! I am fainting!" cried the unfortunate victim.

The brandy and water was here applied and appeared to do good, as in reality, after the first plunge out of port, the sea proved not nearly so rough. For the rest of the journey Lady Paulet contented herself with indistinct groans and one or two applications to the steward, which certainly did not diminish their force and energy.

At length, however, they reached the destined port. Now nothing is so trying to the nerves of tyros in travelling as the monstrous nuisance of the police regulations. Instead of going straight to a hotel, as the travellers would have done, they were detained in a lumbering, uncomfortable room, while their passports were being examined.

When the room was gained, poor Lady Paulet seated herself on a bench, supported on one side by Mrs. Pomeroy, on the other by her own maid, Jimima, who, in a very rumpled state, had emerged from her berth. The children, pale, half asleep, and looking like ghosts, came behind, guarded by Miss Robinson, who, strange to say, appeared unusually well. She had slept nearly all the way, while Mary waited on her and her young charges.

"What is we waiting here for?" said Lady Paulet, with a faint shudder.

"Passport office," replied the doctor's wife.

"And what has we to do with passports?" continued Lady Paulet.

"I don't want none of your dirty papers. What is it, Sir Peter?"

"All right—come along."

"But our baggage," said the Englishwoman, who, like most inexperienced travellers, imagined it in serious danger if lost sight of.

"That's all right. I've given the keys to an agent. He'll make it all right."

"All right! I dare say he will, the cheating French thief, and upset all my clothes and crumple my bonnet!"

"Nonsense, dear; your valuables are quite safe and will follow us

to the hotel," continued Sir Peter, taking her arm, and urging her along with gentle violence.

They were, about some few hours later, collected round the hospitable-looking *table d'hôte*, with its snowy-white tablecloth and napkins; its nice-looking little rolls and flower stands, all ready for refreshment after the journey. A careful attention to the requirements of the toilet, and a quiet walk through the old-fashioned town, had renovated all, even Master Peter, whose cigar had driven him to a berth during the whole voyage.

"This looks cheerful," said Sir Peter, rubbing his hands; "I hope they won't give us any frogs."

"What!" cried Lady Paulet, turning once more ghastly pale.

"Or snails," continued the baronet.

"Will you explain yourself?" gasped his wife, wildly.

"Or water-rats," said the inhuman monster.

"Tell me—what you mean—or—I shall faint," cried his better-half, nearly ready to cry.

"I mean, my dear, that the French people, being very economical in their habits, and beef and mutton being almost unknown—it is well known nearly all the agricultural population live on cabbage-water and bacon—have taken care that nothing eatable shall be lost, so they have introduced frogs, snails and rats into the cookery book."

Had Sir Peter said cabbage, cabbage-water and black bread, without the bacon, he would have more nearly described the diet of a large portion of the population of France, whose soldiers, indeed, are very little better fed.

"The nasty—horrid—dirty wretches!" began Lady Paulet; "I never heard tell of such things. It's an insult to nature. Take me back. I won't stay here a day. I shall be starved to death."

"No, my dear; now this soup looks tolerable—rather watery, and not at all like mock or real turtle, but very tolerable," said the baronet.

"What is it made of?" asked his wife, in an awe-struck tone.

"Probably of cow," continued the learned baronet; "but if you ask yonder Frenchman, he will say it is bull."

"Pie for shame," said Lady Paulet, blushing at the indelicacy of the allusion.

"I shouldn't wonder if it was," put in Peter, with a grin; "I've heard of shoe soup, and bull's leather."

"Yonder bully," said the doctor, willing to follow the bent of the conversation, "is very probably, the proceeds of some venerable buller. The French use their oxen seven or eight years at the plough tail before handing them over to the butcher. I have heard a French chemist declare that the English habit of eating lamb, veal and young beef is the cause of the degeneracy of our race."

"Humph!" said the baronet, declining the *bouilli* in favor of what appeared to be fricassee fowl, "I should not be disposed to change. Our meat is immeasurably superior to theirs."

In this discursive way the dinner proceeded, each party of travellers conversing with their own group, while here and there one or two bearded Frenchmen listened with a half-sarcastic smile on their lips.

"Well, sare," at length, as dessert was placed upon the table, said a Frenchman who sat opposite to our party, "how you like your denare, sare?"

"Very nice," replied the baronet, complacently; "the mutton was not so juicy as ours; the fowl was sweet, but fishy."

"What fowl, sare?" asked the Frenchman, with a look of surprise.

"The fricassee fowl."

"By gar, sare, you make von meestake, dat vas von ver fine dish of *grenouilles*—vat you call frogs!"

The whole table rose as one man, and woman too. Every English lady vanished, while one or two of the men began to curse and swear frightfully, while a travelled Englishman explained.

"Frogs are very unusual at a *table d'hôte*," he said, but to-day is a fast day, and by way of varying the fish, our worthy *chef* has introduced frogs."

A few groans succeeded, and then the whole party called for such liquors as they thought best calculated to prevent any ulterior consequences.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE shock of the sudden and awful death, or supposed death, of Captain Lechmere, would have been far more severely felt by Frank Wilton but for the communication of his commanding officer.

Action is always the best substitute for consolation.

Wilton was, it is true, stunned, horrified and grieved, when he thought of the other's dreadful fate; nor was he without pity for the young widowed wife, to whom he would so soon have to communicate the sad news.

She was at Quebec.

"I say, maister," said Jinks, who had installed himself as servant to the young man, "what's I to do in this scrimmage?"

"Fight," replied Frank, with a smile.

"Well, I'm blessed," replied Jack Jinks, scratching his left ear.

"But I never expected to come to that in my life."

"No man can say what he will come to," continued Frank.

"What be I to fight with, maister?" again asked Master Jack.

"A gun, to be sure. There's a double-barrelled one in the corner."

"It's a double barrel," said Jack, with a look of admiration.

"Load it ready."

"Load it, maister; how may that be done loike?" continued Jack.

"Give it me," said Frank, laughing heartily. "I'll show you. Did you never load a gun?"

"Never loaded one in my life."

The young officer, much amused at the inexperience of the doughty squire, proceeded to show him how the matter was managed, and so acute and sharp was the headpiece of the worthy stableman, that he at once understood the whole mechanism.

Now, Jack Jinks had in his younger days been accused of a little bit of poaching, but then as he always professed ignorance of the art of shooting, of course this could not be the case.

The fort was a small enclosure of wall, surrounded on the outside by a stockade and a ditch. Nothing was easier than to obtain possession of it by a *coup de main* or surprise; but, properly defended, it was able to stand a very serious attack.

As the fighting would in all probability be all at a distance, the little force was distributed all round the ramparts, the officers being armed with rifles, and the men being directed as soon as the fire once began to pick out the rebels on their own account, until summoned by their chiefs to defend any particular spot.

It was a dark and gloomy night, and the moon would not rise until a late hour.

"It was the knowledge of this, Mr. Wilton, which has made the rebels so sure of surprising us," said the captain.

They were standing on the ramparts, sheltered by a kind of round-house, the commanding officer, his several lieutenants, and a little man not in uniform, with a large slouched hat.

Jack Jinks, with his firelock on his shoulder, was gravely mounting guard at no great distance from his master.

"You appear well acquainted with their movements, Captain Barrows."

"Well, tolerably," said the officer; "it is the duty of a commander to have his eyes everywhere. What he cannot see himself he must see by deputy."

"Your spies have warned you of the attack?" asked Frank.

"Yes," said the other, in a low whisper; "to our spies we owe escape from massacre this night. It is one of the painful necessities of war, but in cases like the present not to be dispensed with."

"They come," said a low, sharp voice close at their elbow.

"Where do you see them?"

"By the edge of yonder wood," said the man not in uniform.

"They are mustered in strong force."

"You have good eyes. I can only see a mass of dark moving objects."

"My eyes have been trained in these woods for years," said the spy.

"How many are they?" continued the captain, abruptly.

"Five hundred."

"They are crowded together," said Captain Barrows, sternly. "The rebels shall have a lesson they shall not soon forget. Gentlemen, to your posts. Tarow away no signal shot. When this has spoken, then act every man according to his own judgment."

He pointed as he spoke to a small swivel gun, which he was bringing to bear upon the advancing columns.

He took deliberate aim with it himself.

"Heaven have mercy on the wretches!" he said, with a shudder, as he applied a match to the touch-hole.

Loud rose the echoes far and wide of the report of the murderous weapon, but louder still the wild and savage yells from the startled invading column.

Then a general rush was made to cover.

"They are not all white men," said the captain, musing.

"There are two hundred of them thievish red-skins," said the spy.

"I thought as much. We have then all our work to do," replied the officer gravely.

"Are they such formidable soldiers?" asked Frank Wilton, in a low tone.

"No; but they are wily and cunning. In white men we have to oppose only force and courage; in these men we have to watch for the tricks of the most subtle stratagem. They are reforming into two columns. Are you loaded, Mr. Barton?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"We shall only have time to give them one shot more," said the captain, who now held his night glass in his hand. "They will make a dash this time. Be ready, my lads. Here they come. Give it to the rebel dogs!"

Again the small piece of artillery vomited forth its volley of grape and nails; this time exciting the same wild cries and yells, but without having the effect of checking the progress of the enemy, who leaped forward with a defiant shout, and who, long before the cannon could be reloaded, were under the shelter of the stockades.

These consisted of large posts, trending outwards rather than inwards, and being at the summit of a ditch, were not easily surmounted. The rebels began, however, to endeavor to tear them up, but they were all fastened below the surface of the ground to a beam of wood.

And now, taking careful aim at the invaders as they took up their position in the ditch, the whole garrison began firing through the posts, and for some minutes nothing was heard but the clang of the musket and the rifle with its sharp, ringing sound.

Suddenly there was a cessation. The invaders were nowhere to be seen.

"Where the deuce are they?" said the captain.

"In the ditch. Wait a bit—some Indian devilry," said the spy.

At the same moment a shot, and then a second was heard, and a loud yell.

"Hooray! I've hit him, maister!"

"Silence," said Frank, laughing; "hit what, Jinks?"

"A great big beast of an Indian—naked savage, your honor's presence, as the palm of me two hands. He had a torch in his hand, and had fired a pile of wood. But I broke his arm for him; and as me second shot hit him as he turned round, it wasn't his arm was hurt, that's all."

"Your servant is right, Wilton," said the captain, gravely; "he has done good service. The fellow is a sharp chap to have hit the Indian as he did."

"I thought you didn't know how to fire a gun?" said Wilton, smiling.

"A man never knows what he can do till he tries, Mister Wilton," replied Jack Jinks, loading his double-barrelled gun with the utmost coolness.

"Keep a good look-out," said the captain, "and have buckets ready. It is fortunate we have a well. Wilton, a word with you."

"Sir," replied the young officer, stepping on one side.

"This is rather warm work," said the captain, in a thoughtful tone of voice. "The rascals are nearly six hundred in number, and we not one. If once they get inside, they will bear us down by mere weight of numbers."

"They must not enter," said the young officer, resolutely.

"So I say, Wilton; but there is no accounting for these Yankees and Indians. They are as cunning as the devil. What say you to a sortie?"

"It would be a gallant thing."

"You think so."

"From my soul."

"I am glad of it," said the commander, kindly, "for I am going to give the command of it to you."

"I feel highly honored," replied Wilton, warmly.

"Now, listen. I want no lives rashly thrown away. The Yankees have concentrated their strength on this one spot, which they mean to force by fire or some other devilry. The rest of the fort is uninvested. You will take forty men, and leaving by the back postern, creep round to the thicket just yonder, about a pistol shot from where they are concealed. Keep quiet; but when you judge the moment critical, give them a rattling volley and retreat at once. I will support your retreat across the parade ground."

"Thank you, sir," replied Frank.

"You will take the guide with you," continued the officer; "he knows the ground, and, besides, he may recognize some of the rogues. A quiet rope or two round one or two of their necks would do these would-be patriots good."

Frank Wilton bowed, and walking quietly round the fort, soon collected his forty men, who, fully aware of the dangerous character of the service, moved to their destination with the caution of soldiers who began to understand the tactics of the wilderness.

"Carry your guns as low as possible," said the guide in a whisper; "the moment the first barrel catches the eye of an Indian will be the last of the owner's life."

Frank Wilton whispered the direction to his men.

"Who is this?" he asked, as a man not in uniform came up to his side.

"Jack Jinks," said the other, dryly.

"Who told you to come?" asked Frank Wilton, both angry and amused.

"No one but myself. I want to have another blaze at the enemy. It does me good, sir, to be out at night. When I used to scour the woods of Ashhurst House with Hakewell—"

"You scoundrel! why, you're a regular old poacher. Hakewell would have banged had he not turned gamekeeper."

"But, my maister, it was since Hakewell turned keeper I'm speaking of."

"Oh," said Wilton, who began to think Jinks not half so simple as he looked.

Jack Jinks smiled. There could not be a greater mistake. He united with the cunning of the fox the fidelity of the hound, and the outward simplicity of a natural.

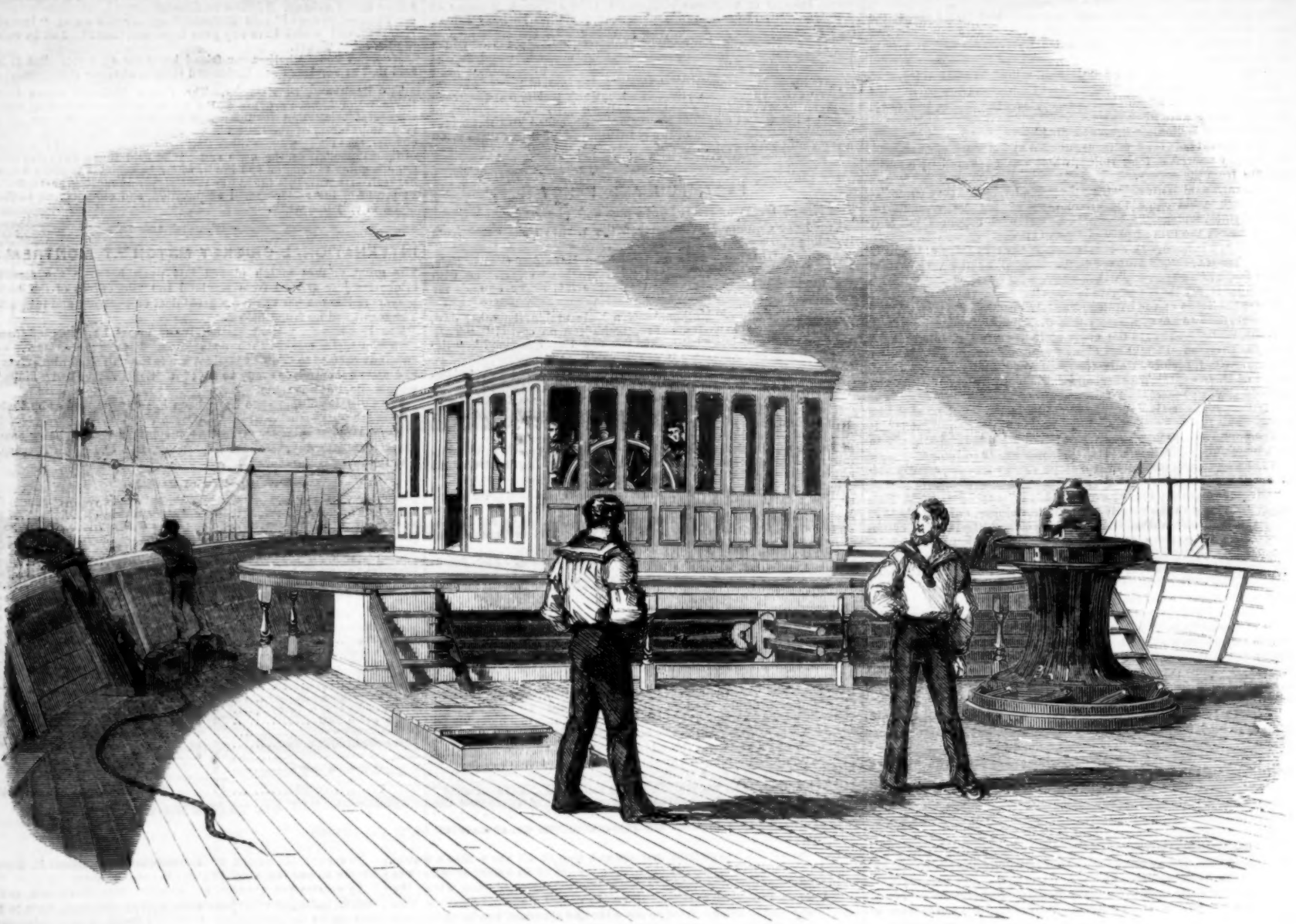
Not a word more was spoken until they reached the shelter of the thicket, when every man took up his position in or under a bush, some kneeling, some standing, and some lying down.

They could now plainly see the forms of the rebels, the greater portion crouched down behind a small hillock, while a few of the more adventurous were busy in building up a fire against the palisades.

Presently a spark was seen to fly, and then, ere they could see how it was done, the pile was in a blaze.

"Fire!" said Frank Wilton, in a low, hushed voice.

The volley was simultaneous, and must have told with fearful



WHEEL-HOUSE AND STEERING APPARATUS OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

FIRST VOYAGE OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

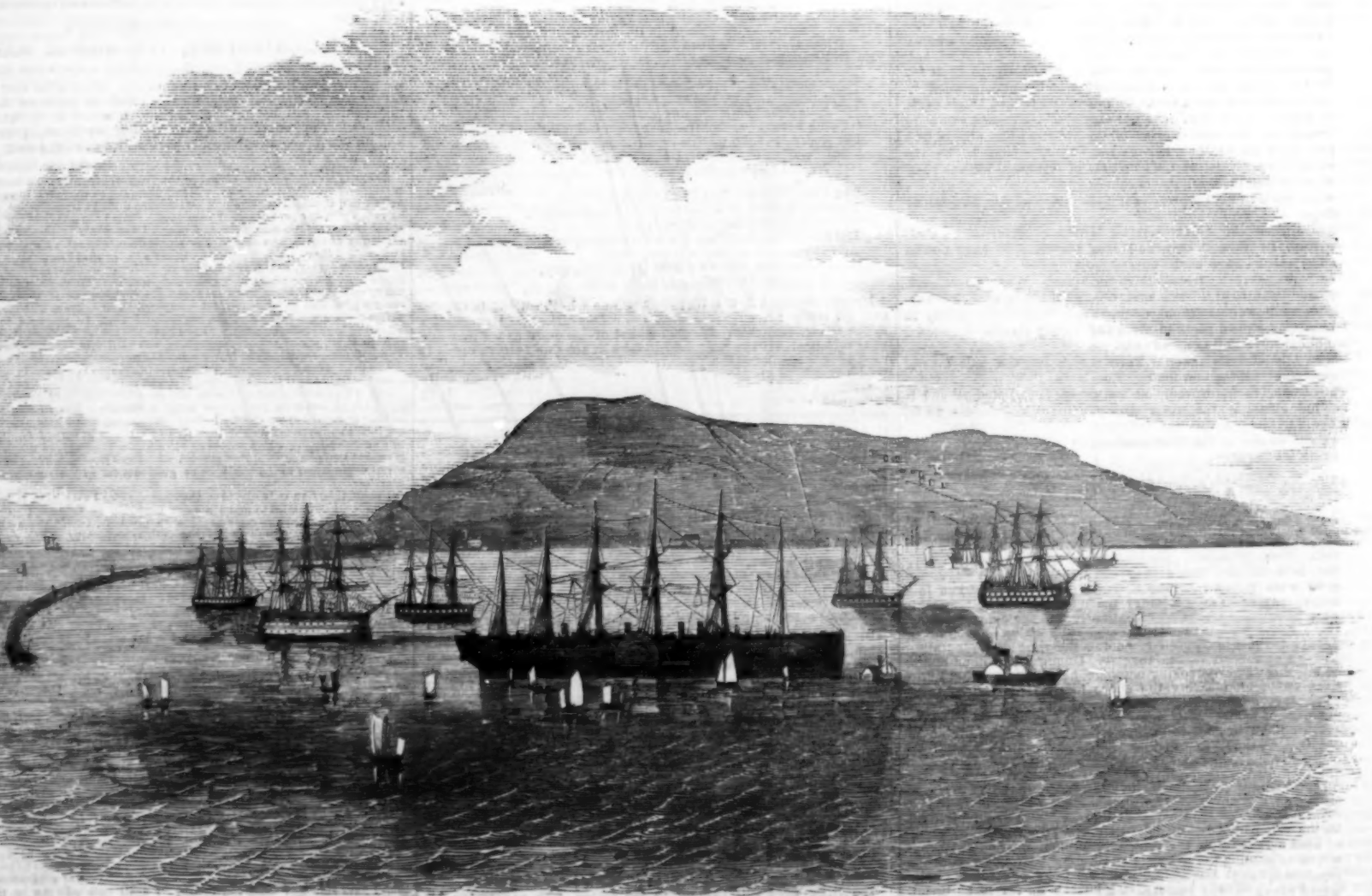
(Continued from page 288.)

Off Dover.

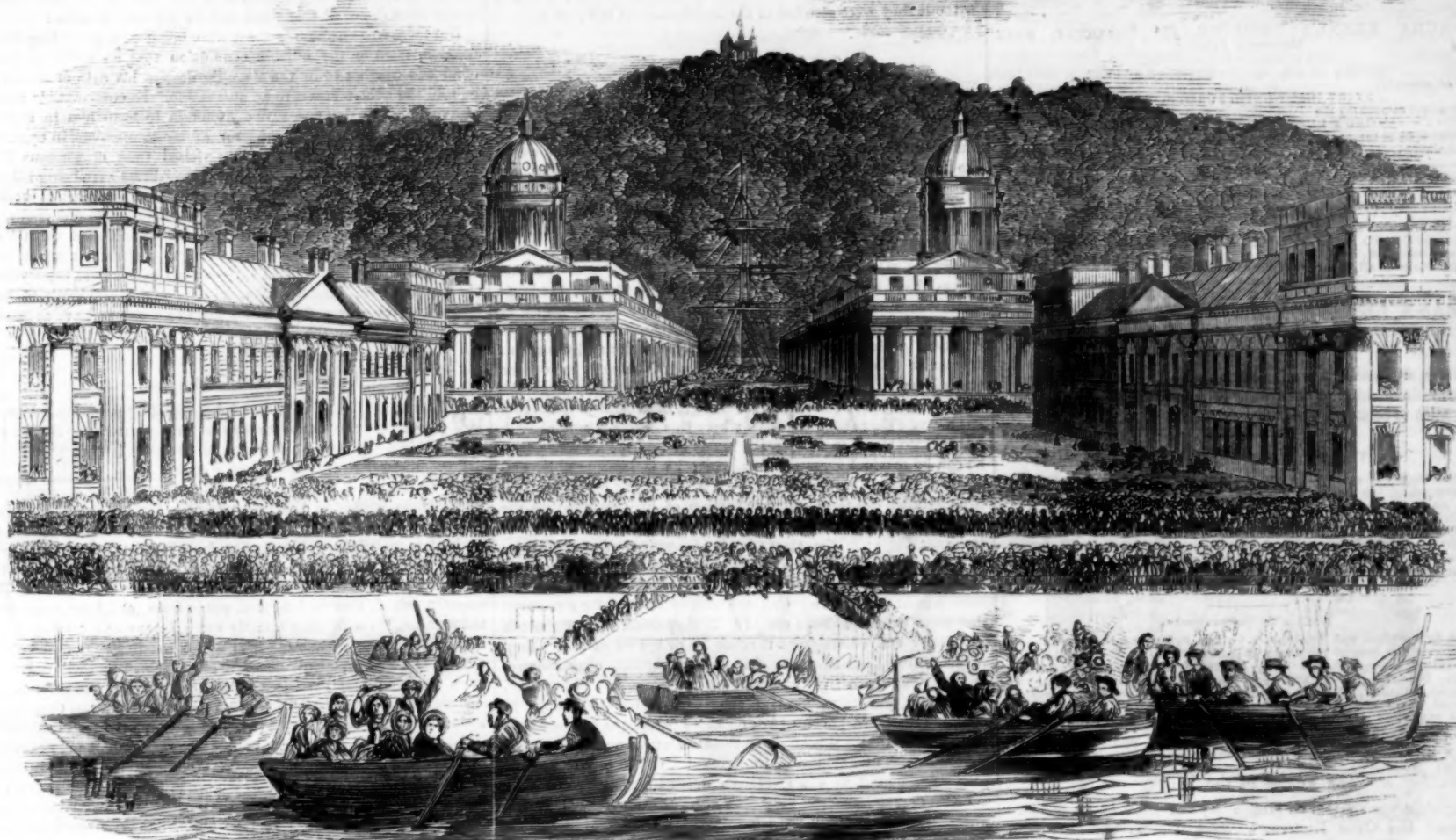
The brisk breeze was rapidly rising into a gale, and the "mackerel sky," which makes the ocean sailor look grave, was spreading over the horizon. Large ships were lying to under close-reefed topsails, smaller vessels appeared and disappeared as if about to be engulfed,

and steamers were lashing, struggling and belching forth the black smoke which indicated increasing fires and pressure, but still making no headway through the waves, which had by this time lost their brilliant blue, and had assumed the sullen gray tinge which is the sure forerunner of bad weather. But on board the Great Eastern no one could tell by her motion that she was not still on her cradle at Millwall. You might have played cricket on the spacious deck, and not one of the passengers showed throughout the day the slightest

symptom of sea-sickness. When off Dover, the wind had risen to a strong gale, and a little packet steamer, with the tricolor at the main and fore, was observed to steam gallantly out of harbor and make for the great ship as if it were a port of destination. So much did she labor, that as we looked over our own lofty bulwarks, which were as steady as the battlements of a bridge, persons who were unaccustomed to the terrors of the deep watched her with pain and anxiety, in the firm conviction that she must soon be engulfed



ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT EASTERN IN PORTLAND HARBOR.



THE SCENE AT GREENWICH DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE GREAT EASTERN DOWN THE THAMES.

She pitched heavily into the sea every moment, and huge waves could be seen sweeping and breaking over the whole length of her decks. She was crowded with passengers, and these latter, who in ordinary circumstances would have been stowed snugly away in their berths, were crowded upon her bridge and paddle-boxes, gazing on the big ship, and cheering with the greatest enthusiasm. Salutes were exchanged and ensigns were "dipped," and in a few moments the little vessel put her helm down and ran rapidly back to port.

During the roughest weather that occurred during the passage the rise and fall was not more than a foot throughout her entire length.

We extract the following account of the fatal explosion which took place from a letter written by a passenger:

"Dinner was over. It was six o'clock, and we were off Hastings, at about seven miles distance from the shore. The majority of the passengers having finished their repast, had gone on deck. The ladies had retired, and, as every one conjectured, according to their usual custom to their boudoir. The dining-saloon was deserted, save by a small knot of joyous guests, all known to each other, who had gathered round the most popular of the directors, Mr. Ingram. That gentleman, his hand on the shoulder of his young son, was listening, not apparently displeased, to the eloquence of a friend, who was descending on his merits while proposing his health. The glasses were charged; the orator's peroration had culminated; the revellers were upstanding; when—as if the finger of a man's hand had come out against the cabin wall, and written, as in sand, that the Medes and Persians were at the gate—the verberation of a tremendous explosion was heard. The reverberation followed. Then came a tremendous crash, not hollow, as of thunder, but solid, as of objects that offered resistance. Then a sweeping, rolling, swooping, rumbling sound, as of cannon balls scudding along the deck above. The rumbling noise was followed by the smash of the dining-saloon skylights, and the irruption of a mass of fragments of wood and iron, followed by a thick cloud of powdered glass, and then by coal dust. There was but one impulse, one question—to go on deck; to ask, 'What can it be?' On gaining the deck all that could be seen were billows of steam and smoke rolling towards us. Those who were on deck at the time of the explosion occurred, state that the forward part of the deck appeared to spring like a mine, blowing the funnel up into the air. Then there was a confused heavy roar, amid which rose the awful crash of timber and iron mingled together, and all was hidden in a rush of steam. Blinded and almost stunned by the overwhelming concussion, those on deck stood almost motionless in the white vapor till they were reminded of the necessity of seeking shelter by the shower of wreck—glass, gilt work, saloon ornaments and pieces of wood, which began to fall like rain in all directions. The prolonged clatter of these as they fell prevented any

one aft the bridge from moving, and though all knew that a fearful accident had occurred, none were aware of its extent or what was likely next to happen. After a short interval, during which the white steam still obscured all aft the funnel, Captain Comstock, who was on the bridge, tried to see what had occurred, but he could only ascertain by peering over the edge of the paddle-box that the vessel's sides were uninjured, and the engines still going. Gradually then, as the steam cleared off, the foremost funnel could be seen lying like a log across the deck, which was covered with bits of glass, gliding, fragments of curtains and silk hangings, window-frames, scraps of wood blown into splinters, and a mass of fragments, which had evidently come from the cabin fittings of the lower deck, beneath the grand saloon. In the middle was a great heap of rubbish where the funnel had just stood, from which the condensed steam was rushing up in a white, and therefore not hot, vapor, but enough to hide completely all that had happened below."

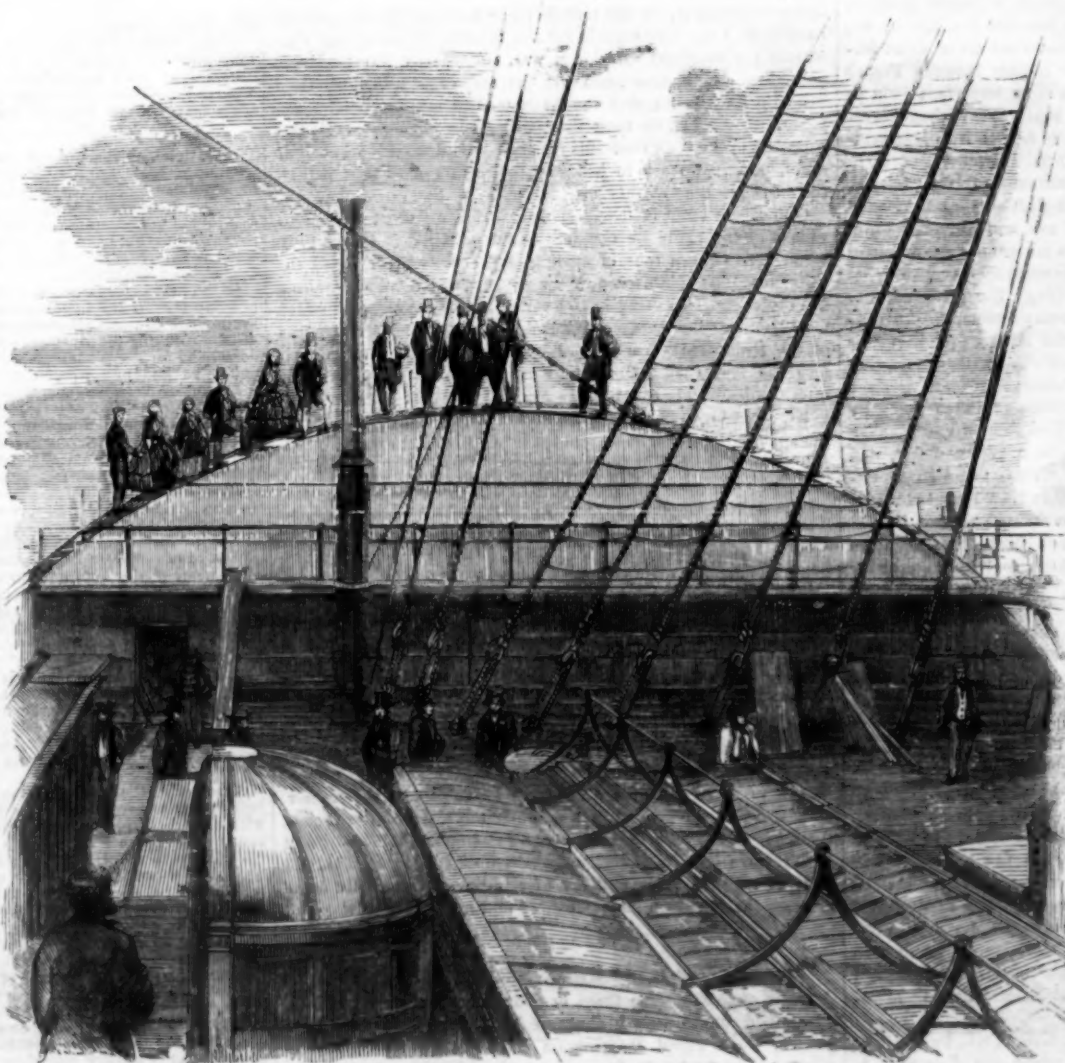
[We gave the details of this unfortunate accident in the second edition of our last number.]

As we steamed grandly on, steamers from Weymouth and Teignmouth, thronged with people in holiday costume, were to be seen making for the great ship. Soon they began to pass under our stern. The crowds on board cheered lustily—nine times nine following three times three. The bands on board the steamers are playing the "National Anthem" and "Rule Britannia." This is the ovation we expected, and which our ship, her eminent constructors, her admirable captain—who shall deny it?—deserve. But no responsive cheer comes from on board the Great Eastern. Not one joyous voice is raised. Passengers and crew are gathered in moody groups about the enormous decks, conversing in low and cheerless tones. Some lean over the bulwarks or stand in the lower rigging, gazing, with sad eyes, at the glittering, shouting crowd below. The music floating upwards grates harshly on ears which within the last sixteen hours have heard very different and very melancholy sounds—the cries of

human agony. The gay fluttering banners and pendants have a ghastly garishness in their sheen to us now. We have flags enough on board too. It would be better, perhaps, to hoist a black one half-mast high, to tell the unconscious holiday-makers that we have need of condolence rather than congratulation; that our joy is turned into sorrow; that once more the vanity of vanities in all human aspirations has been displayed; that Death has come down among us, and taken unto himself the "strong man at the furnace side, and those that weld iron from the coals of the brasier;" and that the Almighty, for his own wise and inscrutable purpose, has smitten this magnificent vessel with appalling disaster.

The Steering Apparatus.

On one of the sides of the indispensable "bridge" of steam navigation, affording a quadrangular promenade of considerable extent, stands Mr. Langley's ingenious steering apparatus. By this admirable contrivance the great objection respecting the distance of the captain from the man at the wheel is completely obviated. A compass, the duplicate of the one in the binnacle, stands before an officer, who is placed under the immediate eye of the captain. It is covered with a brass circular slide, in which is perforated an aperture sufficiently large to permit of one of the points on the card being seen through. The captain, or steering officer, holds a handle by means of which he exposes the point at which he wishes the ship's head to be kept, and by means of connecting rods a coincident point is disclosed on the compass which is watched by the steersman, who thus knows in a moment the way in which he is to steer the ship. This plan works in a most satisfactory manner, and by its means the ship can be as easily steered as one of a thousand tons. Close to it, and on the same platform, the captain has another mechanical agent, called the indicator, which fulfils silently, but most efficiently, the function so energetically performed by the vociferous little callboys in the river steamers. By means of this



PADDLE-BOX OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

little instrument, which communicates with the engine-room, the engineer is told to "ease her," "stop her," "turn her ahead," or "astern," as the case may require; so that here again we find distance annihilated by mechanical science, and the great steam giant of the ocean as easily controlled as the fussy, noisy little steam tugs of the North and East Rivers.

Laura Keene's Theatre, 624 Broadway, near Houston Street.
THE STIRRING MEG. (Drama).
THE SEA OF ICE, OR THE MOTHER'S PRAYER,
will be presented
EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
with a cast comprising the
ENTIRE STRENGTH OF THE COMEDY COMPANY.
Doors open at seven; to commence at eight o'clock.
Admission,..... Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—GRAND DRAMATIC REOPENING.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission to all, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1859

ARTISTS and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*. The price to be stated when forwarded.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy	17 weeks	\$1
One do.	1 year	\$3
Two do.	1 year	\$5
Or one Copy	2 years	\$8
Three Copies	1 year	\$6
Five do.	1 year	\$10

And an extra copy to the person sending a club of five. Every additional subscription \$2.

OFFICE, 15 FRANKFURT STREET, NEW YORK.

Notice to Subscribers.

Cash Subscriptions and Remittances for this Paper may be forwarded from any point on the lines of the AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY, at our risk. Their lines extend throughout New York, Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Canada West, Northern Kentucky, Missouri, &c., &c. Their messengers run twice daily over the principal lines. Money should be sealed, with name and post office address of the subscriber, and addressed to the Office of this Paper, and a receipt taken therefor from the Express Agent or Messenger.

The Topics of the Week.

THE public was startled on Monday by the news of an accident on board the Great Eastern, which will delay for nearly three weeks the sailing of that marine wonder. The death of its architect and originator has also caused great and general regret. If anything could affect a dying man, the Great Eastern's success must have consoled him in that trying "but inevitable hour." It is somewhat remarkable that the two modern wonders of British labor—the Thames Tunnel and the Great Eastern—should have proceeded from a Frenchman and his son. Genius transplanted sometimes blooms the best; had the Brunels, *père et fils*, lived and died on French soil, they might have been merely cooks or dancing-masters. There is something in the air of England and America, as well as in the sound of the language, that gives energy to man.

Another prominent subject of foreign talk is the news from China. It is such a novelty for a European nation to be defeated by an Asiatic, more especially a Chinese force, that the undoubted repulse of the Anglo-French squadron at the mouth of the Peiho has taken those arrogant nations by surprise. We have given in its proper column a brief abstract of the event, in which our own forces occupy an honorable although a pacific position. We regret to find that an American has lost his life in the affair. The political consequences of this event are of great importance, since it restores the cordial *entente* between France and England for at least two years, a most important item in Louis Napoleon's policy. It is not too much to say, that this attack on the Chinese coast alters the entire face of European politics, and renders the freedom of Italy almost a certainty. It is, in point of fact, the conductor which has turned away the thunder-clouds hanging over the French and English alliance. As such it is not to be deplored, being a partial evil and universal good. The French and English Governments are preparing powerful armaments to punish the Chinese. It is more than probable that the Allies will march to Peking, and occupy the great ports of Amoo, Shanghai and Canton, as a security against future outrages. It is worthy of remark that the Allied squadron was requested to take another channel called the Northern Bend, to Peking, but the French and English Admirals, suspecting some perfidy on the part of the Flowery Celestials, preferred going by a road they had already traversed. The French and English press hint that Russia was at the bottom of the defeat, and sent her gunners to man the Chinese fortresses; and an American journal—we mean a paper published in New York—chuckles over the idea that perhaps some Yankees assisted at this treacherous success against the Anglo-French fleet. As American citizens, jealous of the honor of our country, we repudiate the infamous suggestion, which could only proceed from a renegade. The men who thus insidiously traduce the fair fame of the land of Washington, under the Bancombe excuse of hatred of the Hessians, are not Americans, but aliens and Iscariots. We wager the honor of Washington against the word of a Wall street shaver, that no American had even a whisper or a finger tip in this attack of the Chinese on the Allies. In the meantime we feel for that nation of human vermin, the pig-tailed brothers of the moon, for those eminent quack doctors, Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston, will bleed and blister them to their heart's content.

We have received letters from various individuals, who are evidently alarmed at the prospect of a war on account of the San Juan difficulty. They wish to know when the marine battery which has been building for so many years at the Stevens' dock in Hoboken, will be ready for launching. It appears that a million of dollars has been given by Congress to the Messrs. Stevens' to build this floating Malakoff. We feel sure we are justified in asserting that the money has not been misapplied, and shall send our artist next week to sketch the Great Eastern floating Malakoff of New Jersey.

The accident at the Albion Bridge, New York, by which so many lives have been lost, has again raised the discussion to

whether railroad directors and city surveyors are really human and responsible beings. It establishes one fact very clearly, that human lives are considered of less account than dollars in this community, for it is idle to believe that officials would persist in such a warfare against the common safety of the travelling world, without they were satisfied of the indifference of the public.

Our Mercantile Marine.

WITHIN the past twelve months there have been numberless instances brought to light of violence, oppression and brutality, upon the part of those in command of our merchant ships, that almost stagger belief. These have been freely commented on by the English press, and some very truthful points discussed, not in the least complimentary to our shipmasters.

It requires but a slight exertion of mind to realize the total isolation of a sea voyage. The hour that the ship sails her crew and passengers become the absolute property of those in command. If they are true men, the very knowledge of this fact makes them kind and merciful. If, on the contrary, the brute instinct is uppermost, they can make the ship a hell.

If this is true, and who will doubt it, there can be no law too stringent to throw protection about the passenger and the sailor. Instead of this being the fact, all enactments seem to have been created for precisely the opposite purpose. They only draw the chains tighter about the seaman, and give the commander limitless sway. There may be cases where this power is not abused, but it is too much to trust in the hands of any man, even where he can be overlooked, much less when he is irresponsible, and removed from all scrutiny. How this power has been and still is abused, we can form some conception of, by remembering the revelations that were made not very long since relating to our emigrant ships; of the starvation and beating of steerage passengers; of the abuse and shameless treatment of women; of the blasphemy and beastliness, to which the horrors of a slave ship were almost preferable. Can the public believe for a moment that these brutalities have ceased? If they think so, let them ask any newly arrived emigrant to relate his or her experience. They will soon find their mistake. The poor emigrant, after arriving here, having been in that living prison for a month or more, witnessing everything that is repulsive, is but too happy to escape, without wishing to turn on those who have in every way outraged him. He is possibly ignorant of our language, or lacks intelligence to make himself understood. Or, if this is not the case, he is bound to some Western destination, and cannot remain to demand redress. He fears the power on shore that has so much power at sea. In short, there are a hundred reasons why the brutal officers of the ship, who have so abused him, escape. The unwritten history of our emigrant ships would be a tale of horror to make the stoutest heart quail and sicken, and yet this horror is going on every day, unnoticed and unpunished. As a part of this same abuse of power, we have every day tales of American ships in foreign ports being before the authorities for the settlement of difficulties arising between the officers and crews. Why is this? Are seamen as a class any more quarrelsome or unworthy than any other body of men? No! We protest against any such conclusion. We feel assured that they are really much easier to manage than many of our working bodies, and yet, with this conclusion, we find that the difficulties between master and man are largely against them. Why is this? Simply because those who are in authority, as a general thing, are men who depend upon their physical force rather than upon any attachment. This is the fatal error that leads to brutality and fear. It is not a word and a blow, it is a blow alone, a deadly blow perhaps, with a marling-spike, a bucket or whatever may be nearest at hand, upon the head of a man who dares not return it. Some months since the English law actually hanged an American captain for the murder of one of his own seamen; a wretched murder it was, a murder without a single palliating circumstance, and yet the shipmasters held up their hands in holy horror, and sought to make a martyr of the malefactor. A seaman, in their estimation, was not a man. It was supposed at the time that this example would have a wholesome effect, but, if we are to judge by the reports of foreign papers, the effect has been exactly the reverse.

One of the latest instances of this, which we cite for the sensible remarks made by the magistrate, occurred at Calcutta, in connection with a case of cutting and stabbing, on board the ship Neptune's Car, owned, if we are not mistaken, and sailing from this city. The ship having sailed before the case was called for adjudication, nothing could be done about it, but the remarks of the Recorder, before whom it was brought, show upon their face the fact that difficulties with American ships were no novelties before his court. The *Free Press* says:

His Lordship took occasion to remark with some severity on the apparently low state of discipline on board the ships of the American mercantile navy, as disclosed in several cases occurring here and in our neighborhood within a comparatively short period, and seemed to be of opinion that this was probably in great part attributable to the course of conduct adopted by the masters and officers not being of a kind to command the respect or kindly feelings of their men. It was not by means of horning, tricing, slung-shot, brass knuckles, cutlasses and revolvers that the discipline of a ship could be maintained, and his Lordship hoped that the Government of the United States might adopt some means for improving their merchant service in this respect. The language frequently resorted to by those whose positions were those of gentlemen was offensive and disgusting in the extreme, and his Lordship cited an instance of it from the depositions in the case, which certainly afforded a very startling and melancholy example of his remark.

This is no solitary case, and while it bears evidence of its truth about it, should cause us to blush for shame that such brutes are our countrymen. What are our laws good for, if they are not strong enough to stretch over the expanse of waters, and protect those who go down to the sea in ships? To protect the master, and, what in the present case is much more needed, to protect the man, whether he be seaman or passenger. We know not how soon each of us individually may need this protection, and if it be only through motives of selfishness, let us think of some means to reform our mercantile marine.

The Great Oyster Excitement.

A WEEK or so ago, some three or four fishermen discovered an oyster bed on the north shore of Long Island, in an inland piece of water called Huntington Bay. Upon survey, it was discovered to be nearly five miles in length, three in breadth,

and, so it is reported, two feet in depth. Here was a fortune for the lucky discoverers. They went to work, and one of them, experter than the rest in Cocker's arithmetic, calculated that it was worth nearly five millions of dollars. Visions of brown stucco—palaces reared themselves in the dim future, and every one of them dreamed that night that he was a millionaire!

But there was one among them who, being of a grovelling disposition, came to the pitiable conclusion that an oyster in the hand was worth two in the sea. So despite his oath of secrecy, he sold the golden secret to an outsider for the contemptible sum of five hundred dollars—scarcely enough to keep him in stews for a year. What was the horror of his companions in oysters to find next morning, when they visited their crusaceous El Dorado, that a fleet of sixty hungry oyster-boats were being filled by their voracious owners. They, consequently, went to work themselves and shared the plunder they had hoped to monopolize. A just punishment for such greedy men. What effect this California of bivalves will have upon our digestions, our purses or the Old Dominion, we cannot say—we can only advise the lovers of roasts, stews, scollops, pies, fritters, patties and broils to be moderate, and give a fair chance for every one to have at least half a dozen raw on the half shell.

The Western Thugs.

THE latest news from Utah is of a most appalling character. How Mr. Buchanan can suffer that infamous scoundrel, Brigham Young, to set the laws at defiance is perfectly inexplicable. It almost amounts to complicity in the crime.

Let us recount a few of the latest enormities perpetrated by the Mormon leaders in the presence of a United States Judge, supported by a Federal force: On the 25th July Franklin E. McNeil sued Brigham Young for false imprisonment, his sole offence being that he was an American citizen, and would not consent to give his wife up to Brigham Young. He was, consequently, seized, thrown into gaol, put in irons, and kept there for ten months, his wife being forcibly carried away and ravished by Brigham Young. While the trial was proceeding against the old villain, McNeil was openly murdered by Brigham Young's orders, by a gang of Danites. It appears that one of the Mormon leaders told McNeil in open court that if he did not drop the action he would be murdered!

On the 10th September, a civil suit was commenced against Bill Hickman, the famous Danite leader. It was for \$450, owing to C. M. Brown, a Californian. The right to a jury was waived, and the Court promptly rendered judgment against Hickman. Soon afterwards, Brown, who lives sixteen miles from the city, came to town in company with a friend by the name of Eddy, and during the night the house where they lodged was broken open by Hickman and his band, and Brown and Eddy were shot, the former fatally and the latter receiving a flesh wound.

A St. Louis paper thus closes its list of outrages upon the persons and property of American citizens:

During the short session of the Court three men lost their lives in endeavoring to secure their rights through the Court; nor is this a full list of the murders which were committed during that time, but we are compelled to omit, for want of space, any more of these sickening details.

We ask Mr. Buchanan one plain question—Does he intend to punish these crimes, or rest content as the pander of the most brutal set of wretches that ever disgraced the human shape? How long shall this reproach to civilization exist in our continent? It is a blot upon the fair fame of the United States.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Emperor defining his position; what is to become of Italy?—The French army; the heroes of the Italian campaign; a military vocalist—Good news for street inspectors; the streets of Lyons sprinkled with hydrochloric acid; complete success of the experiment—Vestouli's debut; a résumé of her life—Privat d'Anglemont, the late King of Bohemia; how he got out of a scrape.

PARIS, September 12, 1859.

THE article on the Italian question, in last Friday's *Moniteur*, emanating from imperial sources, has been and still is the subject of European polemics. All the political wisacres in Paris are puzzling their brains over it. Some of these Sir Oracles persist in feigning an object upon the *Moniteur* which it evidently never had in view. If you have not already copied the article in question into the *Illustrated Newspaper*, I can give you the gist of it here in half a dozen sentences.

In the first place, then, the liberal rule promised Venetia by the preliminary treaty of Villafranca was made subordinate to the restoration of the Arch-Dukes to their former offices. This restoration not taking place, France loses the right to exact what she had demanded for the Venetian provinces. In no case can the Arch-dukes be installed by a foreign army. But, on the other hand, in the event of fresh troubles, Italy cannot look for the protection of France. Hence, the best thing Italy can do is to compound with the present state of things, and secure, by the return of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the constitutional organization of Venetia. Lastly, Italy cannot hope from any European Congress better terms than those which she is now free to avail herself of.

By this brief summing up you can see how deftly Napoleon defines his position, how coolly he throws Italy overboard and releases himself from all further responsibility on her account. You are at liberty to draw your own conclusions.

While the Emperor is thus acting undoubtedly for the interests of France, he also continues to keep himself in good odor with its soldiers. His last move in this direction is destined to increase his popularity with the army. He has given orders that the names of the officers of every grade killed during the Italian campaign shall be inscribed upon tablets of marble and placed in the museum at Versailles.

That the French army itself is popular there can be no question. If anything were needed to prove it, an occurrence of recent date would be sufficient. A large number of Swiss soldiers, disbanded by the King of Naples, have applied for admission into the Foreign Legion of the French army. And the Imperial Guard is every day receiving large accessions to its ranks in the persons of soldiers of the Old Guard.

Appropos of the Imperial Guard, one of its members is now receiving lessons from Duprez. This soldier, it appears, is endowed with a voice of remarkable power, and it is expected that he will soon make his debut on the lyric boards of Paris.

To turn a moment from France's capital to its Manchester, a man in Lyons has made a discovery, the result of which, it is thought, will be to rid the streets of that city (and of all cities, for that matter), of dust, henceforth, forevermore! This discovery begins well; it is due to an accident. Nearly every useful invention in the world was discovered by chance. In this case a manufacturer of chemical compounds in Lyons observed that the hydrochloric acid he spilled on the earthen floor of his laboratory hardened the soil, and yet kept it, despite hot or dry temperatures, continually moist. He thereupon conceived the idea of turning this property of the acid to account, in keeping down, or rather preventing the formation of dust in the public streets (more especially in those which are unpaved or simply macadamised), and thus perfectly effect that which the watering-cart but partially succeeds in doing.

An experiment was first made on a large scale on the Napoleon road, between the Rhone and the railway station at Perrachio. The successful result thereof—a success which has now maintained itself for several months—determined the city government to make application of this chemical dust-layer on the Place de Bellecour, where a need for something of the kind is most strongly felt. Half of the esplanade was sprinkled with hydrochloric acid, suitably weakened with water. On the following day the other half was subjected to the same operation.

It did not take long for the citizens of Lyons to appreciate the results of this proceeding. When the thermometer is at its highest in the middle of the day, the ground, though hard and gravelly, seems as consistent and moist as if it had been sprinkled but half an hour before. The wind does not raise it up in clouds of fine dust as usual. But it is in proportion that the heat of the day diminishes and the freshness of night comes down upon the earth that the effect of the hydrochloric acid is most perceptible. Then it shows itself in its strength. Each morning the ground having imbibed this preparation, becomes hardened as if from a white frost, and makes the street both clean and pleasant to walk in.

Now if chance—to which science already owes so many things—would furnish mortals a means of getting rid of the mud, their happiness would be complete.

In musical circles here the debut of Vestvali at the opera last week is the thing most talked of. The play selected for the occasion was Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet," pieced out with a fourth act by Vaccari. As to the debutante's figure, she has grown immensely fat and big, and for her voice I cannot say that it has improved since I heard her at the Academy of Music in New York. Vestvali's fitness for the position of prima donna at the first opera-house in Europe is hardly recognized by the Paris critics, and yet it is said that she is engaged at the opera for a year at a salary of 25,000 francs.

A novel might be written founded on the vicissitudes of Vestvali's life. A recent biographical sketch enables me to make such notes as my space affords of the artistic side of her career.

A Hungarian by birth, her real name is Vestvalaski. She studied at Naples with Mercadante. It was in this city that she made her debut in 1852, as a singer only in concerts given at the theatre. Here, from the first, she met with very creditable success.

From Naples she went to Florence where she studied under Professor Romani, who, as long ago as 1853, proposed his pupil to the Opera at Paris as a valuable acquisition.

Repulsed in this direction, Vestvali engaged herself at the Scala of Milan, where she made her debut in the character of Azucena in the "Trovatore." She sang this opera thirty-two successive times. She afterwards successfully filled the part of Romeo, in "I Capuletti e Montecchi."

She went through London without exciting any especial remark. The United States next heard her in company with Gris and Mario, and gave but a lukewarm reception to her talent.

It was in Mexico that glory and fortune awaited her. There, in male character, she excited storms of admiration. Being protected by the Government, she turned *impresaria* and realized large profits in her new vocation. Loaded down with Mexican gold, the object of her present visit to Europe was rather to enter into some theatrical speculation than to sing.

She has now been in Europe about a year. She first rested from her labors in her family circle in Hungary. During the last Carnival she sang at Plaisance, at the re-opening of the theatre of that city. In the "Trovatore" she met with great success.

Such are, rapidly passed in review, the antecedents of this persevering cantatrice.

Poor Privat d'Anglemont, that very incarnation of Paris Bohemianism, has made since his death more noise in the world than living he could hope to excite. Privat was a man of undoubted talent, but had a most ruinous proclivity towards laziness. A man of this disposition, living by his pen, could hardly be expected to roll in riches, and d'Anglemont was generally as poor as a rat. One day that he was particularly "hard up," he met, directly in front of Tortoni's magnificent restaurant, four dashing actresses of his acquaintance. The day was a hot one, and to treat the company to "ices" was a thing which could not decently be got over with.

The unfortunate scribbler had twenty-three sous in his pocket!

Any other man than he would have been terribly embarrassed. He bravely marched into the elegant café, seated his companions before a large marble table, and then calling the waiter, said, with as grand an air as if he were ordering a princely banquet: "Waiter, one ice and—four spoons!"

FRANÇOIS.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE AUCTIONEER.

See Page 302.

A VIRGINIA statesman once, who thought himself quite wise, Went into a Convention to gain a noble prize; So he wrote a private letter to a New York auctioneer, Who lives by buying statesmen cheap and selling them quite dear. "If you cannot rule the roost," said he, "I shall be in a great stew, So I'll tell you, my dear Going-gone, what I wish that you would do. Get up double delegations, and we'll make it all O K At Charleston's paddy city upon Convention day." Fernandy carried out this overwise queer plan; But I'll tell you what will happen to this famed Virginian, Between the Hards and Softs poor Wise no seat will find, But tumble to the ground all on his poor behind, Like a fine Virginia gentleman of the dear old ancient times!

Personal.

THE Emperor of Morocco, Muley-Abder Rahman, recently died at the advanced age of eighty-one. His uncle, Mulei-Soleiman, who wrongfully dispossessed him of the throne and kept him from it until his (the uncle's) death in 1822, was, it appears, a very facetious monster. The tortures and punishments which he invented for the delectation of his subjects were in the highest degree of humor. One of the little freaks which he allowed himself in presence of the representatives of foreign powers was, every time that he mounted his horse, and as soon as he was comfortably disposed on the saddle, to draw a pistol from his holsters and blow out the brains of the poor slave who had held his bridle. His favorite delight consisted in what he called the "torture of the wall." He took a certain number of slaves and had a wall built around and above them, their heads only being allowed to appear above the enclosure. He then had their faces smeared over with honey, and as the flies and other insects came to devour this he amused himself with the cries and writhings of his unfortunate victims. What an accession this amiable monarch would have been to the thumbscrew forces of the ancient Inquisition!

It is said of a certain distinguished person, well known in senatorial circles, that when he quarrels with his wife he invariably takes the palm. She slaps his face.

The ladies and dressmakers of Paris are now taking their fashions from England, instead of sending them to England as heretofore.

MADAME JUMEL, the widow of Aaron Burr, was at Saratoga Springs last week. She is now eighty years old.

LIZET, the great composer, has just written a work on the Gipsies and their music, in Hungary (*La Musique des Bohemiens*). It is written in a very brilliant and eccentric style, and excites much attention in musical, and also in literary circles.

A NEW piece has been brought out in Paris by what booksellers' lists in England style a "noble author," M. de Kératou. It is called *Noblesse oblige*, and there hangs to its production rather an amusing history. M. de Kératou, a Breton, was powerfully recommended by his clergy to the Emperor, and by her to the Emperor. He was intent upon the one great work of bringing out this same comedy "in five acts and in prose," as the playbills announced it; and the one great favor he asked the Emperor was to let him read his five acts to him. We fancy Louis Napoleon would have liked few things less, his turn being by no means literary—but Jesuit bi-hops and britanny nobles are not to be trifled with, and just as the author of the *coup d'état* of December '51 had to go through the proper amount of kneeling, crossing, and relic-worshipping imposed upon him by superstitious at the Ste. Anne d'Auray and other places, just so he resigned himself to the five-act comedy, and appointed a time for the operation, and bore it as well as could be expected. The author's notion (an excusable one in that country) was, that his imperial

Majesty would cause some helpless manager of a theatre to be "had up" and ordered to perform, within the briefest delay, the drama which it had pleased a Breton gentleman to elaborate. But, to his great astonishment, the Emperor declared that over the troupes of his Parisian stages he had by no means the same power as over the troops of his army. The innocent playwright was considerably taken aback, and not much less so when his most gracious majesty drew out, "I could give you a *sous-préfecture*, if you would like that!" This, however, did not seem to answer the Breton gentleman's purpose, for he refused the proffered dignity and carried his play to the Odeon, where it has just been brought out.

We have just heard of a gratifying proof that it is not always political corruption that insures a good appointment. Our friend and constant contributor, John Brougham, the wit and dramatist, has lately had an appointment bestowed upon his stepson, Frank Hodges Brougham, by the Postmaster, Fowler, on account of the services rendered the Democratic party by the *Lantern* in the grand campaign of 1852. So much for wit.

It is related of the French family of the Duke de Levis, that they have a picture in their chateau, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, and carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which is written, "Papers belonging to the Levis family!"

In the Berlin *National Zeitung* is a witty repartee lately made by a Frenchman while conversing with a German on the subject of modern French literature. "You blame," said the former, "the immorality of our novels. Why, we have only one one Paul de Kock, and you have seventeen translations of him!"

ONE of the Polar bears in the Zoological Gardens at Brussels was found dead in the basin of their inclosure a few days since, having been hugged to death by his more powerful companion in revenge for his having ventured to swallow a cake which the other considered his property.

A letter from Paris states that M. Scribe has just read at the Comédie Française a new composition, the title of which is "The Chameleon." This play, in five acts, will close the dramatic career of this prolific writer. M. Scribe has ordered to be painted on his carriage a coat of arms, which represents a pen, with the motto, "Unde Fortuna," but he can now add a chameleon, with the words, "Respicere Finem."

BARON SIENA, the wealthy Greek banker of Vienna, has founded a seminary for gipsy girls on his estates in Hungary. A similar institution has been established at Neuhausel.

MR. EVERETT's last oration is said to have contained 17,650 words. Somebody says that he omitted 4,000 words in its delivery. How delighted his hearers would have been if they had only known it!

THE noted English revivalist, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, has a great passion for puns, and he perpetrates one of the boldest sort in the title of a little book he has just edited. He calls it "Smooth Stones taken from Ancient Brooks," by which he means a collection of devout sayings and quaint apothegms collected from the works of "that renowned Puritan, Thomas Brooks." So says the *Evening Post*.

A DROLL anecdote is told in Paris of a young litterateur who recently got so far as to read his piece before the committee of the Theatre Français. He gave it all the emphasis of his best elocution, and to make the last effect doubly sure, which brings down the curtain—namely, the death of the hero by his own hand—when he came to this denouement the young author pulled out a pistol, and fired it, to the consternation of the grave deliberators. They were so much moved that they went into mourning for the hero by at once unanimously depositing a black bail each in the judgment-box.

A THEATRICAL riot, only to be paralleled by the well-known row apropos of the respective merits of "fiddle-de-dee" and "fal-de-lal-tit," so graphically described by Ingoldsby, has just taken place among the usually quiet and phlegmatic frequenters of the Hamburg opera. It would appear that, in the ballet introduced into the second act of "Robert le Diable," great things were expected of the performances of a Mlle. Casali, and no sooner did she appear than a "super" on the stage forgot that bearing indicated by his cavalier's costume and moyen-age armor, and deliberately rested his lance against the "wing," drew forth a pair of green spectacles, wiped them with his handkerchief, placed them across his nose, and, crossing his arms, proceeded calmly to view the dance. This was perceived by some of the audience, and a terrific clamor arose, in the midst of which Mlle. Casali retired, but the "super" remained firm. The audience became perfectly infuriated, and proceeded to such acts of violence that twenty of the ringleaders were seized, and punished next morning with fine and imprisonment.

LITERATURE.

SHELDON AND Co. have republished Mr. C. Edward Lester's *Napoleon Dynasty*, in which the history of the Bonaparte family is brought down to the present time. Recent events in Europe have made the appearance of Mr. Lester's work at this time extremely appropriate. The culmination of the fame and prosperity of the Napoleonic race he now regards as attained in its present representative. The conclusion and political consequences of the late war in Italy are treated in the author's well-known and vigorous style. A vignette of the Empress Eugenie, taken from Winterhalter's celebrated picture, is added to the former list of portraits. The description of Eugenie's influence upon her husband's career is so warm a recognition of her high qualities as a woman, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

"Eugenie has been the good angel of the hero of Solferino, as Josephine was of the hero of Marcngo. Amidst the storms of Empire, which even unsteady nerves of Napoleon (which seemed to be made of steel), and afterwards, when he had every temptation to hurl back on the thrones of Europe the insults which her despots had given him, when he felt that in taking the reins of government in France, he was going into a cage of hyenas, when all Europe was an ocean waiting in blackness and silence for the storm that was to lash it into fury; at this moment Eugenie shot across the path of his ambition, and love said 'Peace, be still!'"

The book is very handsomely got up by its publishers, and is eminently readable and attractive.

The Monarchies of Continental Europe. The Empire of Russia, by John S. C. Abbott. MASON BROTHERS. This is a well-timed volume, since it gives in a succinct form a complete history of the rise and growth of a power destined to play a most important part in the affairs of the world. It is not too much to say, that with the sole exception of our own republic, Russia has more undeveloped resources than any power on the face of the globe. The present volume is written in a clear style, and possesses great interest to every student. It has a beautiful engraved portrait of Peter the Great. Since the world is too busy to read voluminous details, we do not know of any work that will be more cordially welcomed than this admirable synopsis. It is got up in the usual excellent style of Mason Brothers.

We have received from TICKNOR & Co. a copy of a stirring novel entitled *Almost a Heroine*. We might go into a lengthy disquisition of the style and character of this book, but when we say that it is written by the author of "Charles Anchester" and "Counterparts" no one who has read those admirable novels needs to hear more, for but few works of modern times have made such marked sensations or achieved so suddenly so wide a popularity. We cordially commend to our readers the new novel, "Almost a Heroine."

Out of the Depths: The Story of a Woman's Life, is the title of a remarkable book, reprinted from the English edition by W. A. Townsend & Co. of this city. *Out of the Depths* has created a sensation in the novel-reading world equal to that of Miss Muloch's "John Halifax," and is only overshadowed in popularity by Miss Evans's "Adam Bede." A passage from the writings of the first-named authoress is printed as a motto on the title page of this volume. It is this: "Throughout the New and in many parts of the Old Testament runs one clear doctrine, namely, that any sin, however great, being repented of and forsaken, is by God, and ought to be by man, altogether pardoned, blotted out and done away."

We have quoted this motto because it briefly and sufficiently indicates the purport of the volume before us. *Out of the Depths* is a story of sin and repentance, and the lesson which it teaches may be learned with advantage by all.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA—FOURTEENTH STREET.—The closing week of Max Maretzek's autumn season has, through the clemency of the weather, been a gratifying and brilliant success. Operas have been given four nights in the week, and an extraordinary matinee on the last day, Saturday. These matinees are the grand successes of the season. On Saturday the 24th the receipts were nineteen hundred dollars, and last Saturday over twenty-five hundred dollars must have been received for dollar tickets without secured seats. This democratic plan is universally popular. In witness whereof may be quoted the continued success of Niblo's, the Philharmonic concerts, and lastly the matinees. The people at large like to have an equal chance; they do not like to be overridden by wealth, and they do not desire to be taxed for comforts which the managers are bound to furnish to all who pay for admission.

Mr. Maretzek has given us an admirable selection of operas during his brief campaign, and with but one or two exceptions the performances have been in every way satisfactory. Taking one night with another, we believe that the season has proved a pecuniary success.

The company this week perform in Boston. The regular operatic season, under the direction of Strakosch and Ullman, commences on the 20th of October. It is understood that the first opera given will be the "Sicilian Vespers," on the getting up of which a large amount of money has been expended. Splendid new scenery and magnificent new dresses have been got up expressly for this opera; a large number of extra choristers are now being drilled, and the band will be greatly augmented. The new stars of the establishment, just imported from Europe, will appear in it, and a marked sensation may be expected. The opera ought to run at least twenty nights.

We shall speak further of the opera and the new artists in our next.

DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The "Sea of Ice," so popular a season before last, has been revived here and attracts immense audiences. It is the best drama of its kind that we have ever witnessed, having a story of intense though painful interest, and scenes startlingly beautiful. The breaking up of the frozen sea, for instance, being managed with consummate skill. It is scarcely worth our while to occupy either your time or our columns with a resumé of the play however, for the theatre-goers know it by heart, and will, no doubt, crowd this pleasant theatre many nights to their own satisfaction as well as that of the management. The cast is almost the same as when it was formerly produced; the only alterations observable being the substitution of Vincent for Jefferson in the rôle of Barrabas; and Miss Smith for Miss Thompson, in that of Diana. We regret that we are unable to say anything flattering of the new comers, but Mr. Jefferson had made so much of a part that it is nothing in itself, that he will not be readily forgotten; while Miss Thompson, though not dressed so finely as her successor, was infinitely more natural and effective. For the rest, we think Mr. Jordan has decidedly improved in his rendition of the hero, Del Monte, and Miss Keene's original conception and execution of Madame de Lascaours, Ogarta and Marie was so exquisitely truthful, beautiful and startling, that we accord her the highest praise when we state that she is as effective in these varied rôles as ever.

WALLACE'S—"The Ruling Passion" still continues its career at this house, with no perceptible falling off in the attendance.

WINTER GARDEN.—From present appearances the name of this establishment will have been changed from "Winter" to "Summer Garden," before any further novelty is presented. We looked in one night last week and found every seat occupied; but were gratified to observe that the passages were kept unobstructed. The appearance of the house grows upon one most favorably. On each visit we have liked it better than at the previous one. This is as it should be; inartistic effects may dazzle at first, but soon become wearisome. It is only the intrinsically beautiful that improves upon acquaintance.

On Monday Mr. Eddy commenced his fall and winter season at Niblo's; this week we have only an opportunity to wish him a pleasant and prosperous voyage, but in our next will devote to him and his enterprise the space they are entitled to.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—Lovers of good dancing have a treat in store in the Terpsichorean performances of the Gale sisters, who have just been engaged here. Miss Hannah and Miss Adeona are making a deserved success, and establishing themselves firmly in public favor. The "Devil in Paris," or "S-t-u-n in Paris" as the management piously puts it, has been played during the past week; Miss C. Allford as the Mysterious Stranger did very fairly, but Miss Sally Partington, among the female characters, carried off the honors in the part of the soubrette. In the "Muleteer of Toledo" Mrs. Prior, a most excellent actress, and the aforesaid Miss Partington, had each parts admirably adapted to their abilities, and made them the vehicles of as fine acting as we ever saw.

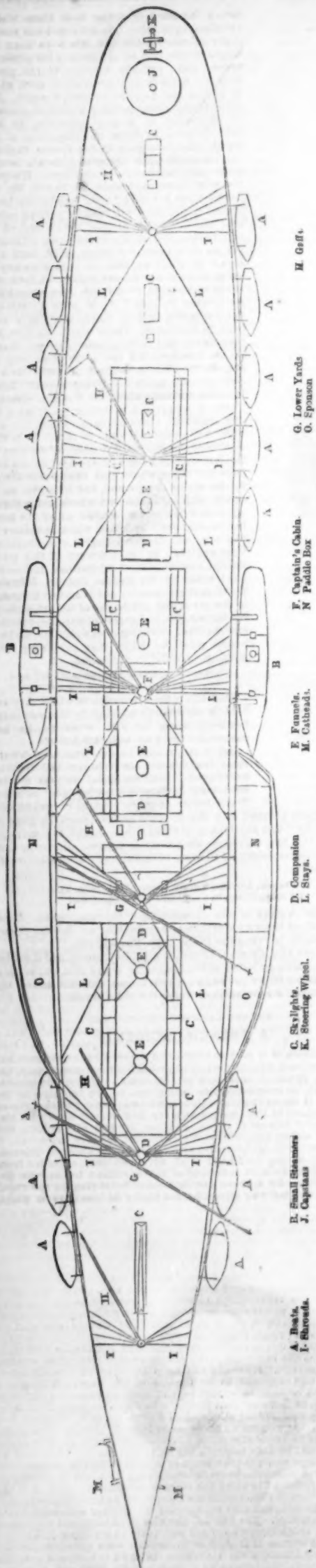
THEATRE FRANÇAIS.—M. Sage has returned to these shores and brought with him the artists whose names we printed in this place week before last. On Saturday next, October 8th, the doors of this theatre will be opened to the public, when all the patrons of the French stage will turn out in force.

A STRANGE MEETING.

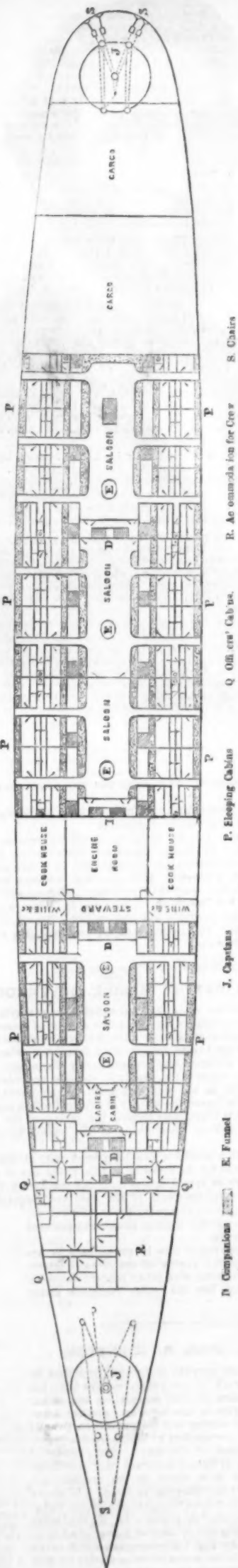
ON November 10, 1857, a boy, then between three and four years of age, son of a shoemaker, named Alexander M'Kenzie, residing in Broad close, Glasgow, was missing after he had been seen playing in the immediate neighborhood. Bills were issued, and every publicity given to the description of the missing child, but no trace was obtained of him, and after much grief on the part of the parents, they had almost become resigned to their loss. On the 31st of August last, Elizabeth M'Donald or Brown was brought before the sitting magistrate at the Central police court, charged with the theft of some clothes from a green where they had been bleaching. She was accompanied by a little fair-haired boy, about six years of age, whom she represented to be her son, and whom she had made the instrument of her theft by getting him to go into the green, pick up the articles and bring them to her. The woman was sent for thirty days to prison, where she now is.

At the same court, the shoemaker, named Alexander M'Kenzie, the father of the lost child, was sitting awaiting his trial on a trifling charge of assault. He could not keep his eyes off the fair-haired boy, who was supposed to be the son of the woman M'Donald or Brown, and he took an opportunity of earnestly assuring the court officer that he felt confident the little boy was his lost child. After the woman was sentenced, the child was given, at her request, into the care of the woman with whom she lodged. The address of this person was subsequently given to Alexander M'Kenzie, who stated that he would be able to prove the child was his by the fact of his having a large and peculiar mark of a burn under the armpit. He called at the woman's house, accompanied by a police constable, and on examining the child the mark was found precisely as it had been described. The child himself appeared to have some recollection of M'Kenzie, and also recognised the mother and other members of the family. The boy has likewise been identified by a great number of neighbors, who speak positively to his being M'Kenzie's child. The woman M'Donald or Brown has been questioned on the subject, and although she maintains the child is hers, she gives by no means so satisfactory an explanation of its birth and other circumstances as to justify the conclusion that M'Kenzie and all his family and the neighbors are mistaken. When interrogated as to the conspicuous burn mark found under the child's armpit, she said the child had never been burned, so far as she was aware, and had no such mark. The circumstances are undergoing a careful investigation, and the whole particulars have been reported to the Sheriff's fiscal.

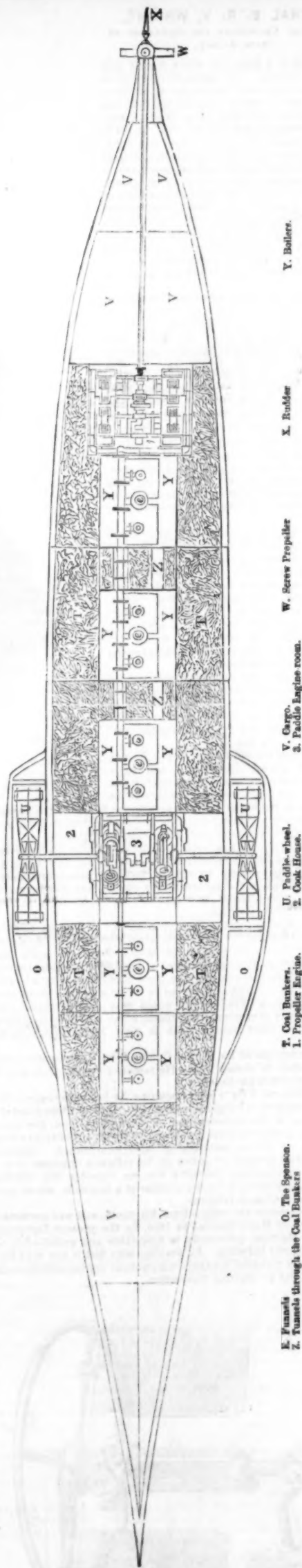
A Lucky Fellow.—Gift book establishments are justly very popular now. An acquaintance of ours who purchased a book at the popular store of George G. Evans, of Philadelphia, showed us the result of his investment. In addition to a valuable book, he received a handsome set of jewelry, consisting of a pin and earrings, inlaid with equal, valued at thirty dollars. The system, as we have before said, is a fair one. The large retail profit on the sale of books is partly returned to the purchasers in presents or gifts. Gen. G. Evans is making a large fortune by his enterprise, in Philadelphia.



PLAN OF THE UPPER DECK OF THE GREAT EASTERN.



PLAN SHOWING THE PASSENGER ACCOMMODATION OF THE GREAT EASTERN.



PLAN SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE MACHINERY OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

THE ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

On the morning of the 9th September, as the mammoth ship was steaming at the easy rate of twelve knots an hour, and off the coast of Hastings, a terrible explosion took place in the casing of the forward boiler, which destroyed the entire dining saloon and the cabins under it, but what was far more afflicting was the loss of life which ensued. Four were killed on the spot, and eight had already died from their injuries. This will delay the departure of the vessel for about three weeks. It is satisfactory to know that the explosion, which was severe enough to have blown any other vessel to atoms, did not affect either her motion or her structure in the least. She proceeded as usual, and reached Portland the next morning. Great

blame is thrown upon Mr. Scott Russell for his adopting a plan which had been abandoned in the Collins and Cunard lines, on account of its danger and uselessness. The funnel was carried into the air, and the stays of the boiler were so much weakened that it must be reset. The damage will cost fifty thousand dollars to repair.

NEWSPAPERS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.—Newspapers were not unknown to the Romans. Julius Cæsar introduced the regulation of writing and publishing all the acts or state occurrences of both Senate and people. The laws were engraved on brass tablets, permanently fixed in the public places. The idea was improved by the people. Cicero, at his villa in Tusculum, published a daily newspa-

per (or more properly a bulletin), in which was given the news of the day—births, marriages and deaths, fashionable arrivals, &c.—in the most approved modern style. Petronius has given a specimen of the *Acta Diurna*, giving account of a birth, an execution and a fire—all of which are despatched in the curtest manner. The reporters (*actuarii*) had no opportunity to indulge in strong adjectives and expletives. And they had their posters, too, as the exhumed gates of Pompeii prove. Inscriptions in red chalk answered for type and paper. Thus, "Julius Proculus will have an auction of his superfluous goods to pay his debts."

APPROPRIATE.—Blondin, the Niagara river acrobat, has adopted for his motto this line from Willis's Sacred Poems: "Room for the Le(a)per, room!"

GENERAL E. R. V. WRIGHT, Democratic Candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

Consistency is a principle which few of our politicians possess. The demands of party at one time and personal exigencies at another, so frequently compel a compromise, that the greatest of our statesmen have come to consider expediency as political wisdom. But it is worthy of remark that no man has ever abandoned principle, however popular the apostasy made him at the moment, without losing eventually the respect of the people. The present Democratic nominee for the Governorship of New Jersey possesses consistency in an eminent degree. Through good and evil report he has been an uncompromising Democrat, not using that word in its levelling sense, but as one who has cast his lot with the people, and who regarded them as the only legitimate source of power.

General E. R. V. Wright was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, Jan. 2nd, 1812. His father, a New York merchant, after accumulating a fortune, had retired there to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, which translated into the vernacular, means "look after his property." His son being of a quick and headstrong temperament, powerful in frame and fearless in disposition, was sent to Borland & Forrest's Classical and Mathematical Academy, then located in Warren street. His progress was rapid; he left them thoroughly imbued with ancient and modern thought—not technically, nor critically, but with all that was necessary for a public man. He here acquired his Latin and French, both of which languages he thoroughly understands. German, which he speaks fluently, was a later acquisition.

After leaving school he learned the trade of a printer, and in 1833 he published the first paper in Hoboken, calling it the *Jersey Blue*. Of this initial paper of a city which now boasts three weeklies, he was the *Alpha and Omega*, being at once compositor, pressman, editor, contributor and carrier. We have heard him say, that after he had worked the edition off, he would mount his horse, and deliver the papers to his subscribers, sometimes traversing over fifty miles on his route.

But his energetic and ambitious mind wanted a wider sphere, and after some deliberation, he resolved to study law. For this purpose he selected for his tutors Colonel Samuel Cassidy and J. D. Miller, of Jersey City, two of the most eminent men of the day.

In 1843 he was elected to the Upper Branch of the New Jersey Legislature, and while there distinguished himself by his energy and capacity. Among other salutary measures he advocated were the abolition for imprisonment for debt—the abrogation of the property qualification—the ten hour system of labor and the establishment of free schools and universal education.

On two occasions he has been brought forward by his numerous friends as United States Senator and Governor, but both these opportunities he generously waived in favor of other candidates, rather than endanger the success of his party. The Democrats of New Jersey cannot forget how manfully he set to work in 1853 and elected Rodman N. Price.

In 1851 he was appointed District Attorney of Hudson County, and served his term of five years with great satisfaction. As a public prosecutor it may be said of him with truth, that he made that distinction between vice and accident so rarely met with in criminal lawyers. In these cases he was the poor man's friend, for while he struck down the wealthy offender as he would a vice, he dealt mercifully with the poor offender as he would with a misfortune. This five years control of criminal jurisprudence has not been forgotten and there is no more popular man in New Jersey than General Wright.

In 1854 he commenced the Hudson County *Democrat*, a semi-weekly paper, published in Jersey City. He removed this to Hoboken in 1855, where it is still published.

Although General Wright is no sectarian, he has always given liberally to the support of religious institutions. He contributed largely to the erection of the Episcopal church in Hoboken, and gave the ground in Hudson City for the church of the Holy Trinity, towards the support of whose minister he also contributed. General Wright has been accused of laxity in his religious opinions, on account of this unreasoning liberality, but we consider this rebuke comes very ungraciously from the citizens of a Republic, whose corner stone is toleration in religion.

He has belonged to the militia from his youth, and was promoted to the position of Major-General in 1856, by the present Governor Newell. The General, personally, is hospitable and genial—full of anecdote, song and joviality. An evening with him is not soon forgotten. He is a powerful speaker—a humorous conversationalist—an acute lawyer and an amusing companion.



GEN. E. R. V. WRIGHT, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP OF NEW JERSEY.

We shall not say anything about his *personnel*, since our portrait supplies all that can be said on that point.

In connection with this we must not forget to mention that the General's opponent, Mr. Olden, signalized himself when he was in the New Jersey Legislature, by discountenancing a bill conferring on the debtor his homestead privilege—that humane law which takes the pound of flesh from Shylock's knife. Without any reference to politics, it is not too much to say that Mr. Olden will find the vote he gave on that occasion will deprive him of the vote of every American Christian. The General, on the contrary, has ever been the poor man's advocate.

SILVER'S PATENT MARINE GOVERNORS.

It is a curious fact that while the land and stationary engine has had invented for it a contrivance by which the supply of steam is regulated by the amount of work to be done, no such invention has been applied to the marine engine until a short time back, when Silver's momentum wheel governor was brought before the public.

It is designed to regulate the supply of steam in accordance with the required power, as the ship may pitch or roll about in a sea-way, and thereby to lessen the danger of accident to the machinery, arising from what is technically termed the racing of the engines, and securing a uniform propulsion of the vessel through the water.

The want of such a provision has long been felt, at the sudden changes of resistance by the screw or paddle rising out of or dropping into the water as very detrimental to the machinery, and as in rough weather the requirements of the case are frequently very great, such a contrivance can never prove efficient unless a much greater power is given than that possessed by ordinary governors.

We engrave a drawing of this invention as it is applied to the propeller engine of the Great Eastern and which will combine with other modern improvements in rendering her the most complete steam vessel afloat.

COLONEL JOHN R. JOHNSTON.

In conformity to our purpose to furnish, from time to time, sketches of such of our countrymen as have become notable, because of their association with either science or art, we give in this issue an excellent drawing of that most deserving and capital artist, Colonel John R. Johnston, now resident at Baltimore, Maryland, but, until a few years, of Cincinnati. Our portrait of him indicates with sufficient accuracy the prominent features of his fine face, which, in the original, are radiant with vivacity and imaginative force. The whole bearing is that of one whose thoughts are of the beautiful—the picturesque—the grand. In it, the most careless observer fails not to detect power of no ordinary dimensions, a keenness of perception which takes in, at a glance, the forms and attributes of objects, and which notifies an ability in the processes of art to produce their counterparts.

Colonel Johnston is a native of Ohio, having been born in the Queen City, in the year 1826, and is now of course but in that time of life when it is the habit of man to develop more fully whatever of genius he may be endowed with; it is most generally the commencement of that cycle wherein taste becomes more refined, judgment more sound and execution more rapid and faultless. The career of Colonel Johnston, at each succeeding state, has shown a progress no less gratifying to his numerous friends in almost every section of the country, than it has been demonstrative of a constancy of improvement and finish in each of his successive works. At an unusually early period his proclivities manifested themselves, so much so indeed as to command the notice of lovers of art over a very wide surface of the country, and that too so as to win for his

labors the meed of praise from those whose opinions are of value. So extensive and varied in the province of the fine arts have been his employments, and so satisfactory his performances, that, perhaps, throughout the great west and south he is at present the most widely known and popular American artist. Besides almost innumerable portraits of citizens of distinction in society generally, he has been deputed by large congregations of his fellow citizens to give to the canvas, in durable characters, the features of nearly every prominent Statesman in the land. His portraits of Jackson, Pierce, Buchanan, Rd. M. Johnson and a host of other celebrities, have placed him in the front rank of portrait painters; and if, as such, he may not be ranked as equal to our Elliott in exquisiteness of touch, yet he ever holds "a pencil, vivid, bold and true," so much so, that in gazing on any of his pictures of well-known friends so distinctly are they wrought, "that you may almost say his picture thought." It is, after all, this exactness to the original which gives to a portrait its real value. Those whom we love for themselves, and only because they are themselves, true taste and the pious wish long to see represented as they are or have been in days gone by, and not as if they were of "those faultless monsters which the world ne'er saw." There is scarcely a countenance, if there be any, however common-place, which has not some expression peculiar to itself. It is this distinctness, whether it consist in the turn of the feature, the glance of the eye, or the *l'ou ensemble* of the whole, that constitutes the individuality of the person, and it is this, so to speak, which gives the sentiment that governs, whether it be of the coarser or of the more intellectual cast; it is that which separates to our eye, and in our thoughts, one character from another. In the discovery of this peculiarity, however latent or obscure, and its exact transfer to the canvas, Colonel Johnston is without a superior; nor is he less fortunate in the use of the auxiliaries of his art, such as the advantages and graces of position, costume and the like. With such capabilities his likenesses must be what they invariably are, strikingly faithful to the model.

"Hence not alone are brighter parts display'd:
But e'en the specks of character portray'd."

That this in the estimation in which they are held, is abundantly testified by the patronage bestowed upon his skill wherever he has chosen, for the time, to locate himself.

But it is not only in this particular department that his art has distinguished itself by excellence. With an equal success he has cultivated landscape drawing and painting. The galleries of many citizens of wealth and

refinement are adorned with the produce of his pencil in none of which will be found anything of incongruity to wound the sensitive eye, or to turn into burlesque the beauty of nature. If they are not fully up to the standard of Claude, of Rubens, of Rembrandt, or do not possess

"Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with soft'ning hues,
Or Savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew,"

they are yet worthy of the approbation of the connoisseur. There is always about them a naturalness that enables us, like the poetry of Wordsworth, to recognize in the copy, the original.

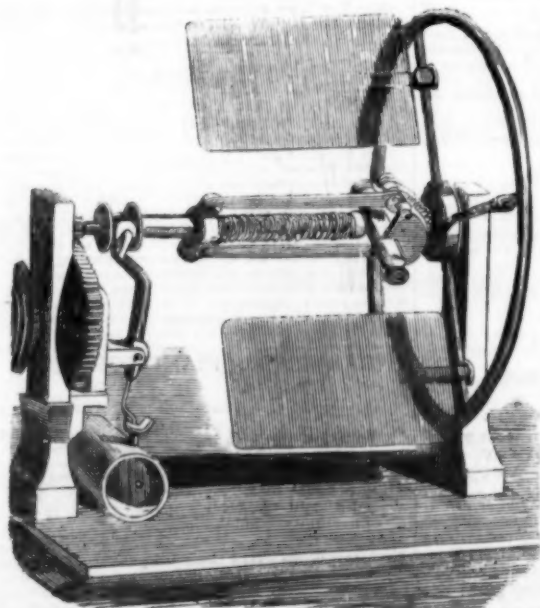
As we have said, Colonel Johnston is yet but young, and if guided by the honorable ambition which has so far urged him on, he may, in time, like his fellow-townsmen Powers, cast upon his native city the reflection of a reputation of which it will be proud.

A FRENCH INCIDENT.

THE resignation of a certain colonel, in whom great confidence had been placed, and who hitherto had justified it most completely, has caused an immense sensation in the army. The circumstances under which his resignation has been given in are touching in the extreme. It seems that the colonel, who was once protégé, friend and companion of the Duke of Orleans, had served both with him and the Duc d'Angoulême in Africa, and has, in spite of ambition and the love of action inherent to his character, always preserved, if not an open love, still a secret sympathy for the house of Orleans. At Palermo, having command of an advanced post, an order from the King of Sardinia, in command of the Sardinian forces, was dispatched to him by a young sub-lieutenant belonging to the royal staff. The colonel was struck by the purity of language in which



COL. JOHN R. JOHNSTON, ARTIST, BALTIMORE, MD.



SILVER'S PATENT MOMENTUM WHEEL GOVERNOR, AS APPLIED TO THE PROPPELLER-ENGINES OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Saponifier, Saponifier, Saponifier.
NO Family, Public or Private In situation should be without this economical and ready Soap-maker.
 Full directions for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soaps, from the refuse grease of the kitchen, fat or tallow, accompany each pound iron can.
 For sale by Druggists and Grocers generally. Beware of counterfeits. The success of this article has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it, who are being prosecuted for infringing our patent rights.
 The genuine manufactured only by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company, Office 306 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 197-200 LAWIS, JAMES & CO., Agents, Philadelphia.

The Season.
WE beg especial attention to our elegant stock of Clothing for the Fall Season,
NOW READY,
 manufactured from the latest and choicest fabrics.
 Our stock of
 Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings,
 (Merchant Tailoring Depot), will be found the largest and most superior in style, variety and selection we have ever displayed.
 We pledge ourselves that, whilst our manufacture will maintain its superiority of real taste and finish over any other, our prices shall be as low as any house in the trade.
D. DEVLIN & CO.,
 255, 259 and 260 Broadway.
 Our stocks of Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Goods are very large. 2000

Mr. Frank B. Ellenwood, Pianist,
GIVES lessons in the same school as Gottschalk, having been a pupil of the same master, Camille Simeon, while in Paris. Terms \$40 for twenty-four lessons; twelve lessons, \$30. Address CHICKER(46 & 52)N's Warerooms, 604 Broadway, corner of Fourth Street. 201-2020

70 Bowery. 72
BALDWIN'S
CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
THE LARGEST IN THE CITY.
BUILT BY WM. B. ASTOR, ESQ., EXPRESSLY FOR THE BUSINESS.
No. 70 and 72 Bowery.

The largest assortment of Fall and Winter Clothing of every variety, in style and color ever offered, and will be sold here than at any other store in the city. Furnishing Goods of every description.
\$40,000 SAVED YEARLY BY BEING OFF BROADWAY.
 The best artists that can be had in the world are employed in the cut and other departments of this establishment.
 Ladies, please call and examine the children's department. 201 2020

70 Bowery. 72
METHODIST BOOK CONCERN,
300 Mulberry Street, New York.

Being in constant receipt of inquiries from our brethren, respecting Sewing Machines, with requests to recommend and purchase, we have, in conjunction with some lady friends, carefully and thoroughly examined the various machines of practical value for family sewing, and find those made by the **WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY**, 505 Broadway, New York, to fully combine the essentials of a good instrument, and such as we can confidently recommend.
 Having seen so favorable results from their use, in our own and the households of our friends we are desirous that their benefits should be shared by all our brethren, and hence have interested ourselves in their behalf.
 With best wishes, your brethren,
 AMEL STAYSON, THOMAS CARLTON,
 JAMES FLAY, J. FORNER,
 DANIEL WICK, J. BENJ EDWARDS,
 DAVID TRENT, WM. A. COX.
 201-2020

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.
HARDEN'S EXPRESS

LEAVES EVERY
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
 BY STEAMSHIP,
FOR SAVANNAH,
 Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to
MACON, AUGUSTA, COLUMBUS, ATLANTA, KNOXVILLE, MEMPHIS, MONROEVILLE, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS

And all towns in the interior of
 Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.
 Every description of merchandise forwarded at low rates and delivered with promptness and despatch.
 For further particulars apply at the office of
 195-2070 **HARDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway**

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAPP
 PROPRIETOR,
 NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
 NEW YORK
 189-2010

DR. HAMPTON'S COMPOUND DIURETIC PILLS.
DR. HAMPTON'S COMPOUND DIURETIC PILLS CURE GRAVEL.
DR. HAMPTON'S COMPOUND DIURETIC PILLS CURE GLEET.
DR. HAMPTON'S COMPOUND DIURETIC PILLS CURE STRICTURE.
DR. HAMPTON'S COMPOUND DIURETIC PILLS CURE LEUCORRHOEA.
DR. HAMPTON'S COMPOUND DIURETIC PILLS CURE ALL DISEASES OF THE BLADDER, KIDNEYS AND SEXUAL ORGANS.
DR. HAMPTON'S COMPOUND DIURETIC PILLS

Are endorsed, recommended and used in the practice of Physicians generally, for the cure of the above diseases. When PHYSICIANS recommend a preparation, sufferers should no longer hesitate to test its efficacy.
 Price 50 cents per box.
 Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.
 Prepared only by **DR. J. E. HAMPTON & CO.,**
 407 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.
 Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS & CO., Agents. 197-2000

THE EMPIRE CITY
School Furniture Establishment,
NATHANIEL JOHNSON, Proprietor,
 400 HUDSON STREET, New York.
 Modern style of School Furniture manufactured and for sale as above. Illustrated circular, with full particulars, forwarded on application.



WISE OR OTHERWISE?

*Wise, trying on two Shells to sit,
 Fell to the ground in doing it.*

OUR JOURNALS FOR NOTHING.

"Special Inducements."
 For THREE DOLLARS we will send three dollars' worth of any books published by us, at regular mail prices, post-paid, or by express, and a copy of either the **WATER-CURE** or **PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL**, one year.
 For FIVE DOLLARS we will send five dollars' worth of our books, set-paid, by mail or by express, and **LIFE ILLUSTRATED** one year.
 For TEN DOLLARS we will send ten dollars' worth of any books published by us, pre-paid, and one copy of **LIFE ILLUSTRATED**, **PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL** and **WATER-CURE JOURNAL**, a year.
 This, we think, will be much better for the reader, and for all concerned, than any "risk" which may be had in the best scheme offered by cheap jewelry concerns.
 Address **POWELL & WELLS, New York.**
 P. S.—This offer will remain open till January 1st, 1869. Our friends will please act promptly. 2010

Common Sense
RULES the mass of the people, whatever the misnamed and misanthropic philosophers may say to the contrary show them a good thing; let its merits be clearly demonstrated, and they will not hesitate to give it their most cordial patronage. The masses have already ratified the judgment of a physician concerning the virtues of **HOUGHTON'S BITTERS**, as may be seen in the immense quantities of this medicine that are annually sold in every section of the land. It is now recognized as greatly superior to all other remedies yet derived from disease of the digestive organs, such as diarrhoea, dysentery, dyspepsia, and for the various fevers that arise from derangement of those portions of the system. Try the article and be satisfied.
 Sold by all Druggists in the world.
 Principal Agency in New York, 13 & 15 Park Row

Tiffany & Co.,
 LATE
TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS.
 Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Foreign articles of Art and Luxury.
 No. 350 Broadway, New York.
 Houses in Paris, **TIFFANY, REED & CO.**

HOSIERY

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

A. RANKIN & CO.,

LATE UNION ADAMS,
 637 Broadway,

and at the old stand,
38 Bowery,
 Respectfully invite attention to an extensive and superior variety of the above Goods, many styles of which cannot be found elsewhere. Importing and manufacturing largely, we are enabled to offer superior inducements to every class of buyers.
 The price of every article is marked in plain figures, and all goods sold not giving satisfaction may be returned and the money will be refunded cheerfully. 2010

Remington's



ILION, N. Y.,
POCKET AND BELT SIZE REVOLVER.
GUN CANES, RIFLES AND SHOT.
 Also Manufacturers of Cast Steel, Stub-twisted and Red-hot Iron Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, Gun Mountings, &c.
 Sold by Dealers generally



PLEASANT FOR PARTY GOERS.

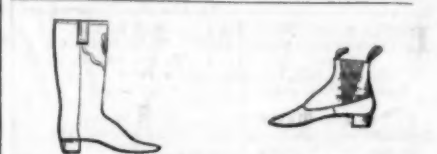
BIDDY—"Faith, this must be your hat, sir, it's the only hat left—and you're the last gentleman."
 Briggs vows vengeance on the man who took his.]

BOAR'S HEAD SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON.



Superior to any ever imported in Strength, Smoothness and Elasticity, for **MACHINE OR HAND SEWING.**
 Warranted 200 Yards.
 Certificates from some of the best Judges in the United States.
 "We have tried Evans & Co's Boar's Head Sewing Machine Cottons, and find them excellent."
 "WHEELER & WILSON MFG CO., 505 Broadway."
G. CARVILLE, Sole Agent, 184 Fulton Street.
 Retail, J. DALRYMPLE 841 Broadway. 000

WHEELER & WILSON'S
Sewing Machines.
 OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
 Send for a Circular 0000



E. A. BROOKS,
575 BROADWAY & 150 FULTON ST.
 A splendid assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.
 189-2010

Singer's Sewing Machine.
THE great popularity of these Machines may readily be understood when the fact is known that any good female operator can earn with one of them, **ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.**

To every tailor, seamstress, dressmaker, and each large family in the country, one of these Machines would be invaluable.
 I M SINGER & CO'S Gazette, a beautiful illustrated paper, is published. It explains all particulars about Sewing Machines. It will be given gratis to all who apply for it by letter or personally.
 900 I M SINGER & CO., 453 Broadway, New York.

VULCANIZED RUBBER ELASTIC FABRICS.—The undersigned has now in store, at wholesale only, and is daily receiving from his factories in the United States, and from the best manufacturing abroad, large quantities of
SHIRRED ELASTIC FABRICS,
 embracing all made by cementing, weaving, braiding, sewing, or however united, including all
CLOTHS, WEBS, TAPES, CUFFBANDS, GARTERS, CORDS, &c., &c.
 and will grant license stamps with authority to manufacture or import and sell the Vulcanized Rubber Elastic Fabrics. All such stamps have a fac simile of my name, without which no goods can be legally vended in the United States during the lifetime of Goodyear's patent.
HORACE H. DAY,
 Principal Warehouse, No. 23 Cortlandt St., N. Y.
 194-207

CHEAP MUSIC FOR FAMILIES.

THE MUSICAL GUEST,
THE MUSICAL GUEST,
THE MUSICAL GUEST,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK
PRICE 10 CENTS,
PRICE 10 CENTS,
PRICE 10 CENTS,

Contains Twelve Pages of Beautifully Printed Music.

All the New and Fashionable Songs
WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENTS,
GERMAN AND ITALIAN AIRS,
DUETS AND GLEES,

THE MOST FASHIONABLE AND POPULAR DANCE MUSIC,
QUADRILLES, POLKAS, MAZOURKAS,
SCHOTTISCHES, VARSOVIANAS,
AND

NEW SETS OF LANCIER'S QUADRILLES.
 Besides fine Piano Pieces by the best Composers in Europe and America.
 Price 10 cents Weekly; Five Dollars a Year.
MOLYNEUX BELL & CO., 15 Frankfort street.

No. 2, Vol. 3—Just issued,
The Operatic Musical Guest, No. 2,
 Containing Part 1 of the popular Opera of "Le Trovatore," now ready. Price 25 Cents.
 Bound Volumes Nos. 1 and 2, containing SIXTY-SEVEN Songs in English, German and Italian, besides Concerted Vocal pieces and forty beautiful Piano Pieces, are now ready and can be obtained at the office. 201

SPECIAL NOTICE.

F. DERBY & COMPANY,
IMPORTING TAILORS.
HAVE THE GOOD FORTUNE TO ANNOUNCE
 that they have received, and have now in store, a complete assortment of New Goods, being made to order for their Fall and Winter Sales, through
MESSRS. BARLOW, PAYNE & CO.,
 MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS, LONDON, ENGLAND.
 Adapted to the wants of gentlemen of taste, who appreciate style and quality in Clothing.
MERCHANT TAILORS AND IMPORTERS,
 192-204 57 Walker St., New York

B. J. P. F. P.
BROTHER JONATHAN'S
PATENT FURNITURE POLISH

will polish all kinds of varnished Furniture, from a common Chair to a Rosewood Piano, removes all dirt, grease, scratches or marks of all kinds, and cures immediately; making old furniture look equal to new. It is applied with a piece of cotton flannel. It is ten times cheaper and has been varnished—warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.
 For sale at all the principal Drug and Furniture stores.
 Only 25 cents per bottle. Try it. Traveling and Local Agents.
J. B. BARLOW, Sole Agent,
 197-200 204 Broadway, New York.

THE ELECTROTYPING OF FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS is executed by
W. HENYER, 183 William street.